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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

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RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF MOIRA.

THE Earl of Moira is distinguished from nearly all the other eminent public characters of our age, by the singular good fortune of having drawn down great applauses from his political friends, while at the same time he has excited little asperity among his political enemies. The character of such a man, and the means by which he has obtained such an enviable distinction, must be an object of general curiosity and interest.

Francis Rawdon, now Earl of Moira, was born on the 7th of December, 1754. A few years afterwards his father was raised to the dignity of an Irish Earl, and the title of the son was thenceforth Lord Rawdon. His early education seems to have been well conducted, for he was soon distinguished by a taste for elegant learning, and by an uncommon calmness and serenity of mind.

The military profession was his Lordship's choice; and he had not much exceeded his twentieth year, when he was called into active service by the commencement of the American war. In the severe action of Bunker's Hill, he was present in the capacity of Lieutenant of Grenadiers; and behaved in this inferior station with such conspicuous intrepidity and address, as to call forth the applauses of his superior officers. General Burgoyne, who was a spectator of the action, was so struck with the behaviour of Lord Rawdon, that in a letter which he wrote on the occasion to England, he used this remarkable expression—*Lord Rawdon has this day stamped his fame for life.*

When Sir Henry Clinton embarked with his army at New York, to complete the reduction of South Carolina, he was accompanied by Lord Rawdon: and this young nobleman distinguished himself so much by his courage and skill, during the siege of Charlestown, that notwithstanding his youth and supposed inexperience, he was intrusted with a separate command in that province. Soon afterwards he was ordered to join the army of Lord Cornwallis, and had the good fortune to arrive in time to bear his part in a glorious victory.—Lord Cornwallis happened on this occasion, to be opposed to the American General Gates, who had acquired so much celebrity by the destruction of General Burgoyne's army. The army of Gates was far superior in numbers; but this disparity was in a considerable degree compensated by the discipline of Cornwallis's troops. The advanced parties of the two armies unexpectedly met in a wood near Camden, but were prevented from engaging by the darkness till the main body of both armies had arrived on the ground and formed. As soon as

daylight appeared, the action commenced on the part of the British General, who was well pleased to observe that the American commander had been under the necessity of taking a very disadvantageous and confined position, bounded by swamps on both sides, which prevented his making any efficacious use of his great superiority of numbers. The militia of whom General Gates's army chiefly consisted, unable to resist the new and formidable attack of the bayonet, fled at the first onset. The Continental troops, however, maintained their ground with great resolution; but finding themselves totally deserted by the militia, who could never be brought to rally, were compelled to retreat, leaving behind them their cannon, equipage, and stores. To this victory, which seems to have been the most complete obtained in the whole course of the war, the efforts of Lord Rawdon essentially contributed; he had the command of that division which commenced the action, and which bore down the American militia with the force of their bayonets.

After this victory, Lord Rawdon was again intrusted with the command of a separate division and with the government of Charlestown. On the part of the Americans, General Gates was superceded by General Green, an experienced officer, noted for his intrepidity and military enthusiasm. This General, having reduced Lord Cornwallis to a state of inaction, took an opportunity of suddenly returning and attacking the post of Camden, the late scene of British victory. Here Lord Rawdon was stationed with a force not exceeding eight hundred men, greatly straightened for provisions, and surrounded by inhabitants extremely disaffected to the British interests: yet though General Green was at the head of fifteen hundred Continentals, and several corps of militia, he did not venture to attack the place, after approaching it, but retired to Hobkirk's Hill, a position about two miles from the British lines. Some of the militia having been detached from the American army, Lord Rawdon resolved to seize this opportunity of extricating himself from the increasing difficulties in which he was placed, by some bold and spirited enterprise. Accordingly, at nine in the morning, he marched out with all the force he could muster, and by making a circuit, and keeping close to the edge of a swamp under cover of the woods, happily gained the left flank of the enemy undiscovered. In that quarter the American camp was the most assailable, because there the ascent of the hill was the easiest; but the impenetrable swamp that covered the approach to it, had freed the enemy from all apprehension of an attack on that side. In this fancied state of security, the driving in of their piquets gave them the first alarm of the advance of the British army, which rapidly moved on to the entrenchments. The enemy, although apparently surprised, and, at first, in some confusion, formed with great expedition, and met the attack with much resolution and bravery. General Green, after viewing the advance of the British troops, and the narrow front which they presented, was so confident of success, that with a view of rendering it more complete, and hemming them in on every side, he made an alteration in his first disposition. A strong detachment was ordered to take the British in flank, and the cavalry dispatched to fall on their rear; while at the same time they were vigorously attacked in front. The Americans who descended the hill to attack him, though they fought for some time with great bravery, and were well supported by a destructive fire of grape shot from their cannon, could not long withstand the impetuosity of the assailants. Being compelled to retire, they were pursued by the British troops to the top of the hill, which Lord Rawdon quickly gained; and having silenced the American artillery, which were immediately drawn off, he was enabled to bring the remainder of his force into action, and at length put to rout the whole American army. The Americans, who had lost upwards of five hundred men in this action, retreated to a position at the distance of twelve miles, where they encamped. Nor was the victory of the British cheaply bought; their whole loss amounted to two hundred and fifty-eight, a number that could ill be spared in the situation in which they were then placed. The enterprise and skill which Lord Rawdon displayed in this action, were followed by much applause.

Even in the moment of success, however, he saw the necessity of abandoning Camden; and concentrating his forces within a narrower compass.

He was soon, however, again induced to return to the scene of action which he had quitted. His orders to Colonel Cruger, who commanded the post of Ninety-six, to evacuate that station and join him, were intercepted by the Americans; and that officer knew nothing of the retreat of the British army, till he also received intelligence of the advance of a strong American force against him. Confident, however, that the activity of Lord Rawdon would speedily bring him relief, he began to put the

fortifications of his post in the best possible state of defence. Soon after, the place was regularly invested by the American army, and many bold and bloody attempts were made for its reduction. But the bravery of Col. Cruger and his garrison triumphed over all these efforts, till the approach of Lord Rawdon, who had rapidly marched from Charlestown for their relief, obliged General Green to raise the siege and retreat with great expedition. Lord Rawdon, on his arrival at Ninety-six, finding the enemy gone, began a rapid pursuit; but the speed of the Americans was so much urged on by their fears, that his Lordship soon found that it was in vain to expect he could overtake them. He therefore resolved to provide for the safety of the loyal inhabitants in that quarter, and then to return to that position where his presence was more essential. Most of them preferred to emigrate with him to a place of more security; and he, therefore, left Colonel Cruger, with half the army, to conduct them in safety within the new British frontier, while he himself marched to the Congaree, to meet a detachment from Charlestown which he had ordered to join him in that quarter.

The weather now became so intensely hot, that hostilities were for some time necessarily suspended; and Lord Rawdon, on account of ill health, availed himself, in this interval of inaction, of his leave of absence obtained some time before, and embarked for Europe. The Court was not long in rewarding his great activity in the service; he was nominated one of his Majesty's aids-de-camp, and created a Peer of Great Britain.

An affair in which, during his command at Carlestown, he had been involved by the heat of loyalty or passion, notwithstanding the usual calmness of his temper, exposed him to some very pointed animadversions. The execution of Colonel Haynes, though, perhaps, sufficiently justified by military law, was yet stigmatized by many as an act of too rigorous severity; and the Duke of Richmond spoke of it in such a manner as Lord Rawdon thought he could not pass unnoticed. An explanation was demanded, and several messages interchanged; but at length, through the interference of friends, his Grace agreed to read such a recantation in the House of Lords, as Lord Rawdon should think proper to dictate.

From this time forward, Lord Rawdon began to addict himself to a political life, and occasionally took part in the Parliamentary debates. His inclinations led him to associate himself with the friends of Mr. Fox, who were now warmly supporting those principles of freedom and reform, which Mr. Pitt had found it convenient to renounce. The uncommon urbanity and suavity of his Lordship's manners, rendered his company extremely acceptable in every polite society; and he became very intimately connected with the Prince of Wales, who was so much distinguished for similar accomplishments. During the violent debates on the Regency Bill, his Lordship had an opportunity of shewing his attachment to his Royal Patron; and stood forward as one of the firmest supporters of his pretensions. He opposed, with a distinguished but unavailing eloquence, the power of Parliament to alter the destination of the Royal authority, or to circumscribe the powers of the Regent; but the speedy recovery of the King, left to the Prince and his friends only the reproach of having attempted to gratify a premature ambition, at the expence of that Constitution which it had always been their boast to maintain unimpaired.

The commencement of the war of the French Revolution again opened a scene for the display of his military talents; though his opposition to the persons in power seemed likely to preclude him from any command adequate to his abilities. An expedition was planned for the relief of the French Loyalists in Britanny, and the command of this enterprise was entrusted to the Earl of Moira. But the attention of the Ministers was at the time directed to the operations of the Duke of York in Flanders: the Loyalists in Britanny were subdued while our troops remained inactive on the coast of Hampshire; and when the armament of Lord Moira at length appeared off Cherbourg, not a Royalist remained to return our signals.

Being thus entirely frustrated in his objects, his Lordship returned to Guernsey, from whence he was dispatched to Ostend to reinforce the Duke of York. But on his arrival there he found that Ypres, Bruges, and other surrounding places were already in the hands of the enemy: and that he could only hope to join his Royal Highness by bold and rapid marches. He therefore committed to Colonel Vyse the difficult task of evacuating Ostend, while he himself pursued the dangerous undertaking of marching into the interior. By his skilful dispositions, he had made the enemy suppose that his army was four times more numerous than it was in reality; and under the influence of this impression they allowed him to continue his march without cannon, and with very little baggage, venturing only to hang upon his

flanks. On one occasion he had a very narrow escape; the vanguard of the French army, which by this time had been undeceived with regard to the real strength of the expedition, entered a town at the same instant in which it was quitted by the rear of his troops. But the rapidity and circumspection of his movements enabled him at length to reach his destination in safety. He soon afterwards returned to England, and his military talents were again consigned to inaction.

At the commencement of the year 1798, Lord Moira happening to be in Ireland, moved, in the Irish House of Lords, an address to the Lord Lieutenant, beseeching his Excellency "to pursue such conciliatory measures as might "allay the apprehensions, and extinguish the "discontents, unhappily prevalent in that "country." His Lordship recapitulated those horrible acts of cruelty and torture, flogging, picketing, half-hanging, &c. &c. by which the confession of crimes had, in innumerable instances, been extorted from persons against whom no legal evidence could be adduced, and no reasonable cause even of suspicion existed; persons who, unless under the momentary pressure of excruciating agony, still persisted in the avowal of their innocence. His Lordship declared his intention, if his statement of facts were denied, to move for examination of witnesses at the bar of the House. But no one ventured to call in question statements in support of which thousands of witnesses could have been produced; and the Lord Chancellor Clare, the chief adviser and instrument of the cruel system of coersion, represented these acts as natural effects of military resentment.

During the remainder of Mr. Pitt's Administration, Lord Moira frequently displayed his eloquence, in the cause both of Ireland and of Great Britain. He shewed himself the constant friend of a liberal and enlightened policy; but while he spoke with freedom and energy, he never exasperated the feelings of his enemies by abusive language, or acrimonious invective. During the Administration of Mr. Addington, he was sent to Scotland, in the hope that his conciliatory manners would, at least, enable him to divide the affections of the people with Lord Melville, whose influence was at that time very predominant, and by no means friendly to those then in power. Scarcely had Lord Moira been a few weeks in Scotland, when even Mr. Pitt himself was hardly a greater object of admiration with that loyal people. His Lordship knew their attachment to the volunteer system, and the peculiar pride which they took in the praise of warlike valour: he humoured those propensities; and often reviewing the volunteer corps in Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, he told them, in a very complimentary speech, that he should not hesitate to march at their head against the best French troops of the line. With a still more laudable policy, he carefully avoided taking any part in those political factions, which always rage with the greater animosity in proportion to their distance from the capital: the Foxites and the Pittites were received by him with equal cordiality, and Lord Melville visited him as a friend. By this impartial and prudent conduct, he rendered himself beloved by all parties, and left behind him a reputation which will long be cherished in Scotland.

Perhaps his Lordship's reception in that country was not the less favourable that he had married the Countess of Loudon, the representative of an ancient and noble Scottish family; a young lady who was more distinguished for her mild and amiable qualities, than even for the greatness of her fortune and the splendour of her extraction.

During his Lordship's stay in Scotland, an unpleasant discussion took place between his Majesty and the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness thought he underwent an unjustifiable slight in having no specific military command, while such high ones had been conferred on his younger brothers; nor was he at all satisfied with the reasons of his Royal Father, communicated by the Duke of York, that any subordinate command was unsuited to the dignity of the Heir Apparent of the Throne. His Royal Highness even hazarded an appeal to the people, by publishing the correspondence in which his demands had been made and refused. An irreparable breach, it was supposed, had now unfortunately taken place in the Royal Family; but on the arrival of Lord Moira in London, his moderation and conciliatory manners soon produced such a happy effect, that no farther symptoms appeared of interrupted harmony.

When the friends of Mr. Fox at length came into power, Lord Moira was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance; and was distinguished for the liberality with which he bestowed the vast patronage attendant upon that office. He retired with his colleagues from office; and has lately shewn his opposition to the measures of the present Ministers, by uniting in a protest against the late address to his Majesty.

Lord Moira's oratory is persuasive and elo-

quent: his occasions for speaking are judiciously chosen, and he seldom fails both to impress his hearers, and to add to his own reputation. Even in the warmth of debate, he maintains the same urbanity which renders his manners so amiable in private life.

The liberality of the Earl of Moira is a perpetual theme of applause: it has far exceeded his means, and has been more universal than discriminate. His bounty has only been limited by the extent of his credit; and when we consider the objects on which it has sometimes been bestowed, we cannot but regret that his fortune should have been embarrassed without a more urgent cause. His Lordship has been celebrated as a patron of literature; and profligate Dermody, with some other poetasters, have shared freely of his patronage and his fortune: but we cannot compliment his Lordship by mentioning one person of real genius whom his bounty has fostered, and his patronage brought into public notice. Men of real genius feel an inward consciousness of merit, which forbids them to crawl among the herd that fawn at the levees of a patron; and it cannot be expected that a Noble Lord should stoop to seek out those who will not come to sue for his favour.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

(*Continued from page* 247.)

WE have already seen the savage transalpine nations conquering, and in their turn conquered by the Roman legions; whilst civilization followed the victorious Eagle, bestowing on the vanquished the laws, language, and literature, the arts, sciences, and manners of the conquerors, until Gaul became one of the most obedient of the Roman provinces. This state of tranquillity did not, however, long continue, as the removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople, and the subsequent division of the empire itself, struck deeply at the root of the Roman power, and left the more distant provinces open to the designs of any adventurer, or to the attacks of their warlike neighbours; for the veteran legions, which had been stationed on the banks of the Rhine, were now called into the East, and Rome herself, no longer the seat of wealth and power, sunk into sloth and inactivity.

Notwithstanding that the Roman arms had conquered the country of Gaul, yet all the brave and independent nations of her northern frontier did not submit patiently to the yoke; but though often defeated, they took up arms again with fresh vigour, in defence of their lives and liberties. After many and various turns of fortune, no longer able to cope with the disciplined troops of the empire, they fled to the mountains and forests of Germany, or crossing the Rhine, found a shelter in the morasses of Belgium. Surrounded by their rivers, lakes, and woods, they remained for two centuries, until they became assimilated in manners and in language with the hordes of Wanderers, who continued pouring in from the northern parts of Asia, through the more western territories of Scandinavia. At length bursting forth like an irresistible torrent, they swept over the more fertile plains of Southern Europe, overrun all the provinces, and having possessed themselves of Rome herself, overturned the gigantic power of the Roman name, and established, on its august ruins, new states, new laws, and manners, and with unexampled rapidity formed a complete revolution, both in military arrangement, and in social order.

In this extended revolution Gaul not only changed her masters, but also her very name, by submitting to the *Franks*, who made an easy conquest of the dispirited inhabitants. Various have been the opinions respecting the origin of these people, but those writers who lived nearest the time, and whose works bear the greatest appearance of authenticity, describe them as living on the eastern side of the Rhine, and being composed of several independent nations, the Salii, Frisii, Sicambri, and Catti, extending from the modern Mentz, to Wirtemberg. Little is known of their history, until the commencement of the Christian era, when it appears from cotemporary historians, that after some obstinate wars, they became the allies of the Romans, formed a part of their military establishment, and in their turns elevated their chiefs to the imperial purple, in imitation of the other armies of the empire. In addition to their general similarity with the

other barbarous nations, they possessed peculiar characteristics, as described by the writers of that age; *Vopiscus* delineates them as a most faithless and treacherous people, inattentive to the obligations of the most sacred oaths, and feeling no compunction, or sense of honour, to keep them in a strict adherence to their word. *Procopius* also describes them as polite and hospitable to strangers, but yet of all people the most faithless, and least regardful of their oaths, or the most solemn treaties.

In the year 260, the Franks commenced their irruptions in the time of Valerian; that Emperor having been taken prisoner by the Persians, the empire was thrown into confusion, and great part of the legions being drawn from Gaul, these marauders made a predatory excursion across the Rhine, ravaged the most fertile provinces, then crossing the Alps, passed through Lombardy, and having advanced to Ravenna, committed the most unexampled acts of atrocity, and laid waste the whole of that charming country. Gallienus having taken the field against them, they thought proper at last to retire to their own country, loaded with the booty they had taken. A second irruption took place in the reign of Aurelian, in which they were defeated by that Prince with great slaughter, and numbers of them taken prisoners, who were led in triumph as captives through the streets of Rome; but Aurelian dying two years after this event, the Franks having procured the aid of the Burgundians, and the Vandals, crossed the Rhine into Gaul, and having in the space of two years got possession of seventy of the largest cities, considered themselves as masters of the whole country. Probus, who was now the Roman Emperor, enraged against these barbarians, marched against them with a strong force, and having come up with the Burgundians and Vandals, gained a decisive victory; and his Generals, who were sent against the Franks, met with the like success, so that Gaul was soon cleared of this warlike banditti. Not content, however, with this, Probus pursued them across the Rhine, laying waste their territories, and having built some fortresses, he struck them with such terror, that the greatest part of their petty chiefs made a formal submission.

In the latter part of the third century, the Franks still restless, made themselves masters of great part of Belgum, particularly that part bordering on the Scheldt, when the Emperor Constantius, father of Constantine the Great, marched against them with a large army, defeated them in a decisive battle, and obliged them to surrender themselves and families at discretion; in order to confirm their subjugation, he transplanted them with their wives and children into Gaul, and forced them to cultivate that ground which their countrymen had ravaged, subjecting them to pay the customary tribute and taxes, as vassals of the empire, and to serve when wanted in the Roman legions. Such, however, is the short-sightedness of human prudence, that this measure produced the very events it was made to guard against; for these people were thus enabled to assist their countrymen, when in the reign of Constantine, about the year 310, all the nations of the Franks, having taken up arms, assembled on the Banks of the Rhine, and there dividing their numerous army into several bodies, attempted to invade Gaul in many different points. Constantine took the command of his army, in person, and is said to have entered their camp in disguise, and even to have persuaded the different chiefs to unite their forces in one body, contrary to their original plan; be that as it may, it is certain that the Franks commenced the attack, but Constantine receiving the charge at the head of his veteran legions, put them to flight at the first onset, and killed an immense number in their retreat. After this, for sometime at least, they lived on more friendly terms with the Romans; and in the reign of Constantius, we find that Malaric, King of the Franks, held an honourable employment at the imperial court; however, their restless disposition was not to be controlled, and unwilling to live at peace, they formed an alliance with the Saxons and Allemans, and having again crossed the Rhine, pillaged upwards of forty of the principal cities, ravaged all the surrounding country, and carried off a number of the inhabitants into slavery. It appears, that they proceeded to Cologne, which they nearly ruined, and having advanced as far as Autun, they laid siege to it: but the veteran Garrison making a determined opposition, they raised the siege, and occupied themselves in plundering the undefended places, wandering over the country without controul, and destroying, by fire and sword, whatever they were unable to take with them as booty.

After the murder of the Emperor Gratian, by the usurper Maximus, the Franks, who were much attached to the former, made an irruption into Gaul, on pretence of revenging his death; this happened in the year 388; in this expedition, we find that they overrun all Belgic Gaul, committing every where the most atrocious ravages, and having burned a number

of towns, returned into their own country with their booty, leaving, however, a number of their people to pursue the subjugation of the Gauls. Opposed on their return by the Generals of Maximus, they were defeated, and Quintinus, anxious to pursue his advantage, crossed the Rhine contrary to his colleagues opinion, and having met with some successes was encouraged to advance too far into the country; but on his return having been drawn in amongst the woods and marshes, by the enemy flying as a feint, he was on a sudden surrounded by the Franks, who fell upon his army on all sides, whilst they were thus entangled as it were in the toils, cut the greatest part of the Roman legions to pieces, and forced the remainder to seek shelter in the forests where they soon perished with hunger, with the exception of Quintinus, and a few followers, who returned into Gaul, after suffering the severest hardships. A defeat so signal and decisive operated powerfully as a check upon the Romans, whilst it gave fresh spirits to the Franks, who now occupied a considerable part of Gaul, to which they gave their own name, and being under the government of Genebald, Marcomer, and Sunno, they are from henceforward considered by historians as the settled inhabitants of the country; this period, therefore, commences properly the history of modern France, as all the later monarchs boast an uninterrupted pedigree from this time.

MARCOMIR, (who stands at the head of French genealogy) on the death of Sunno, and Genebald, became the paramount chief of the Franks, and acquired much of their confidence, by his successful attack, in the year 406, upon the Vandals, who had made an irruption into Gaul, in concert with the Alans and Suevi; in this battle twenty thousand of the Vandals fell, together with their king Godigiscles, and the whole army would have been put to the sword, had it not been for the arrival of the Alans, who covered their retreat. The Franks, though opposing the entrance of other strangers into Gaul, had yet a great predilection for it themselves, and soon found a good excuse for another invasion, by the invitation of the usurper Constantine, whose forces were commanded by a Frank, of the name of Edobic; regardless both of friends and foes, they ravaged the country, pillaged and burnt the city of Treves, and marked their footsteps by bloodshed and desolation. About the year 417, Marcomir died, and left his power and influence to his son, PHARAMOND, who extended the dominions of the Franks in Gaul, and appears to have been successful in several battles with the Romans. The Emperor Honorius, having entered into a treaty with him, ceded all that territory bordering on the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Cologne, and extending as far as Tongres. There is much doubt respecting the history of these ages, and much difference amongst the authors who treat of them; Tyro Prosper, and Bucherius, as well as Gregory of Tours, and Le Cointe, are in many parts quite irreconcileable; but it still appears, that although Pharamond had a kind of paramount authority, yet the several military chiefs were independent in their own districts, and resembling, in some degree, the feudal system of after ages.

In the year 428, Pharamond was succeeded by his son, CLODIO, cotemporary with Valentinian the Third; a prince of most illustrious character, and described by Gregory of Tours, as one to whom his people were highly indebted for the constant care he manifested for their welfare. This prince is by some emphatically stiled the founder of the French monarchy, as he established his dominion so firmly in Gaul, that the Romans found it impossible to drive him across the Rhine; notwithstanding that they sent their veteran troops against him, under the command of Ætius. Clodio is supposed to have fixed his seat of government first in the Castle of Disparg, now Doesburg, near Louvaine, and afterwards at Cambray; and after a glorious reign died in the year 448.

MEROVŒUS, the second son, succeeded in opposition to the eldest, who called in Attila, King of the Goths, to his assistance; but the Romans being in the interest of Merovœus, sent a strong force in 451, to oppose the Goths in Gaul, and Merovœus having distinguished himself at the battle of Chalons, the victory of that day secured to him the crown, Claudebald the elder, giving up all further claim. Merovœus is mentioned by all cotemporary writers, as a prince of great renown, both in the cabinet and the field; he extended his conquests in Gaul from the Somme to the Seine, and on the death of Valentinian, judging that he had little to fear from the Romans, he invaded Germany also, taking possession of those parts between Mentz and Rheims, then called Germanius prima, and Belgica secunda. He died in the year 458, loved and revered by his people, leaving the succession to his son, Childeric, and giving his name to the race of kings which sprung from him.

CHILDERIC, when a youth, had been taken

prisoner by Attila, together with his mother, but had been released by the courage and address of Wiomald; and on his ascension to the throne, he formed the design of extending his empire, which he did after various turns of fortune, conquering all the country as far as the Loire, and reducing the city of Paris, after a siege of ten years. He now abandoned himself to every excess, and loaded his subjects with heavy taxes to supply those extravagances; but some of his nobles revolting, he was driven from his power, and retired into the district of Tongres, until, by the exertions of his trusty friend, Wiomald, after an interval of eight years, his subjects returned to their allegiance, and recalled him to the throne. On his return he brought with him Basina, wife or widow of Basinus, King of Thuringia, whom he took to wife, having by her one son, Clodovœus, or Clovis, his successor, whose total conquest of Gaul, established, without controul, the family and name of the *Merovingian Race.*

In this retrospect, we have seen anarchy and confusion, the inseparable companions of the military and predatory manners of the times, pervading the whole of this extensive country, and opposing every attempt at ameliorating the condition of its inhabitants by culture and civilization; a new era, however, now breaks in upon France, and, in detailing its progress, we shall have an opportunity of illustrating that system of military tenure, which arose out of the customs of the rude invaders, and which though inimical to political liberty in later ages, was, perhaps, at that period the only system which could have produced any degree of social order, or have been a security for property, and even a protection to literature.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON EPIC POETRY AMONG THE ROMANS.

LUCAN, OVID, AND LUCRETIUS.

THOUGH the principal fault of Lucan is his constant habit of exaggeration, we are far from asserting that his poem does not contain some beautiful passages. In the description of character his excellences most frequently shew themselves: as for instance, in the funeral eulogium on Pompey, pronounced by Cato: in the portrait of Cato himself, and in the account of his marriage with Marcia, in the celebrated narrative of his march across the sands of Africa, and in his fine answer to the grand speech of Labienus on the Oracle of Jupiter Ammon; to say nothing of the characters of Cæsar and Pompey, depicted in the first book, which present, perhaps, as admirable a contrast as can be found through all antiquity.

Nothing is better known than the decision of Quintilian, who classes Lucan rather among the orators than among the poets.—*Oratoribus magis quam poetis annumerandus.*—This is a high praise of Lucan's oratory; and certainly a praise that he well deserves, although his speeches are not always exempt from that declamation which so often spoils his narrative. His oratory in general has grandeur, energy, and interest.

He has been justly reproached with a want of feeling and with a too confined knowledge of those sources of dramatic emotion which Homer and Virgil have employed with so much effect. And yet his subject afforded opportunity for many pathetic passages, and we must always regret the stiffness of style which refused to bend to occasion. The separation of Pompey and Cornelia, and the conversation that accompanies their farewell, are almost the only passage in the poem where the author appears to have brought his epic muse to any thing like the interest of tragedy.

The more we admire this poet for the masterly manner in which he has coloured the picture of Cæsar, which is given in the first book, the more we are shocked to see how totally he afterwards disfigures the portrait. This indeed is the only heavy accusation of the kind that can be brought against him; but it is an accusation most important, and cannot be excused by that otherwise laudable indig-

nation which he every where expresses against the destroyer of liberty. It is easy to understand, that a man of republican principles would bear no good will to Cæsar for the erection of an empire which had become the inheritance of Nero. But he might have prudently contented himself with lamenting the unhappy employment of those extraordinary talents and rare qualifications, which in the possession of Cæsar, were turned against his country. A poet, as well as a private reasoner, should do justice to every body, and consider how greatly circumstances palliate, though they cannot excuse, the errors of particular persons. It is certain that Cæsar must have been ruined, if he had sent away his army before he passed the Rubicon. The rancour of his enemies assisted the fortune that conducted him. The blind partiality of the senate, in favour of Pompey, the weakness of Cicero, who adored the idol that himself had decorated, the long established hatred that the austere Cato entertained against the voluptuous Cæsar, were urging the state to numberless proceedings which indeed were so many capital errors. The senators consented to flatter the pride of Pompey, who wished to be the first man in the state, and yet condemned the ambition of Cæsar, who was not content to be the second. To hold the balance between those two powerful men, was, doubtless, a difficult and delicate task; but to turn that balance completely on one side, seems to have been the certain mode of rendering a rupture inevitable, and of superinducing a war, which, as Cicero owns in one of his letters, was, of course, to terminate in the subjugation of Rome to one mighty master. The preference which they gave to Pompey was founded on their patrician aversion against any great man of the popular party, and the animosities of the ancient feuds between Marius and Sylla still subsisted in these senators, who, after examples so terrible, should have learnt to love only freedom, and to hate only tyranny: so that Pompey was permitted to enjoy an illegal and exorbitant power, merely because he was the head of the aristocratical party. Cæsar, who thought himself at least the equal of Pompey, did not chuse to permit any Roman citizen to exist with a power sufficient to oppress himself and Rome. All the proposals that he made, while he was still at the head of his legions, and before he passed the Rubicon, had the appearance of great reason: he asked only to see equality established, and to be placed in security against his enemies. It is easy to conceive that he made these proposals in the certainty that they would be rejected, and that, at the bottom of his heart, he wished to reign. But his enemies did every thing that was necessary to give him the plausible pretext of self-defence. He offered to lay down his arms on condition that the consulship and a triumph were accorded to him. He had deserved both, and the consular power was necessary in order to give him strength sufficient for supporting himself against his enemies. Pompey, who had been accustomed for ten years to reign peaceably in Rome, while Cæsar had been conquering in Gaul, could not bear the idea of seeing Cæsar return in triumph, adorned with all the glory, and armed with all the credit, that must accrue to that great rival from ten years of victory, from his talents, and from his renown. The senators, accustomed to the tranquil domination of Pompey, which they considered as their own, saw the approach of Cæsar with alarm. His legal demands were refused, and Pompey was invested with extraordinary powers and command. It seemed that the one was loaded with favours only that the other might be oppressed; and if it were not that the annals of all governments furnish examples of similar inconsistencies, one would think it almost inconceivable that a set of men should have taken every possible measure to exasperate an individual, without contriving any means for repulsing and destroying him. Cæsar, who felt that he had the means of doing himself justice, had not, it is true, the dangerous magnanimity of resigning himself into the hands of his enemies. It appears that the superiority which he manifested over Pompey throughout this war, was the superiority of nature, rather than of military skill; for Pompey's warlike talents appear to have been greatly under-rated. Pompey's precipitate flight from Italy into Epirus, shews, indeed, that he had made no preparations for sustaining the war in Italy; but in transferring the seat of hostilities to Greece, he soon shewed that he had taken the only proper part, and that he knew all his resources. He procured himself a powerful army, an ample fleet, provisions in abundance, and a country at his disposal; and the plan of operations which he adopted in consequence of these advantages, has obtained him high honour with the judges of the military art. He felt the superiority which on the plain the veteran troops of Cæsar would enjoy, who, after ten years service in Gaul, must necessarily have greater expertness in manœuvring, greater general experience, and greater firmness in action. He re-

solved, therefore, to avoid a pitched battle, and to harrass and famish his enemy. Cæsar committed but one fault: he extended his lines too widely at Dyrrachium. Pompey knew how to profit by it: he forced those lines, and managed the attack in so masterly a style, that these famous veterans of Cæsar's were completely foiled, and for the first time turned their backs in great confusion. All the historians agree, (and Asinius Pollio says, Cæsar himself confessed) that the veterans, and their cause must have been totally lost, if Pompey had pushed his victory that day, and attacked the rest of the army when it had retired within its intrenchments. But activity and audacity are not usually the qualities of an old general. Pompey did not do all that he might have done: and it is remarkable that this very victory at Dyrrachium was the cause of his defeat at Pharsalia. It filled all Pompey's officers with a rashly presumptuous confidence; they thought themselves from that moment triumphant. Weary of a war which detained them too long from the delights of Rome, they accused the general of protracting it for his own interests. He had not fortitude enough to resist their reproaches, and follow the plan which had succeeded so well; and at the moment when Cæsar was exceedingly anxious and embarrassed about his situation, he suddenly perceived, with equal surprise and joy, that Pompey was leaving the heights and descending into the plain to give battle. This was a fatal fault. One moment's weakness took away from Pompey the fruits of a glorious campaign, and the renown of forty years.

Here was the error of natural character—an error into which Cæsar would never have fallen. From this moment Pompey was no longer himself: he did nothing afterwards worthy of a general or of a great man. The battle continued to rage, when he retired into his tent like one bereft of reason. His flight was disgraceful and desperate—it was the flight of a man, who having, till that period, been uniformly fortunate, had not strength sufficient to support him against the first reverse. He had great resources still remaining; but he employed none of them. He might have thrown himself upon his fleet, which was formidable, and by prolonging at sea his contest against an enemy who had no marine, he might have restored what had been lost at Pharsalia. His officers continued the war long after his overthrow, while he, like a mere adventurer, was hastening to place himself under the protection of an infant prince, who was guided by barbarian ministers. He found his death in Egypt, while his followers were receiving their lives from the conquering Cæsar. It is well known to how great an extent the clemency of Cæsar was carried. Even at Pharsalia, in the heat of the action, he ordered that quarter should be given to every Roman citizen who should surrender, and that the havock of war should fall on the foreign troops alone. After this can one be otherwise than shocked, to find Lucan describe him uniformly as a ferocious tyrant, and sanguinary victor—all athirst for carnage, observing which among his soldiers have the bloodiest swords, and breathing destruction as he moves. Poetry has no right to misrepresent in this horrible style a character already known, and facts already proved: such misrepresentation is not fiction, but falsehood.

It would have been hardly possible to select a subject more lofty, more fertile, or more capable of elevating the mind than that which Lucan has chosen. The characters and the events have an imposing effect upon the imagination of the reader, and ought to have moved the imagination of the writer; but Lucan had more sublimity in thinking, than felicity in describing, or fertility in imagining. Some persons have inquired whether his subject were susceptible of fiction. It is obvious that Lucan thought it was, for he has once availed himself of a fabulous machinery, although throughout the rest of the poem, he has only put history into verse. It is true that the fables of the Odyssey would make an indifferent figure, by a conversation between Cato and Brutus; but it would have been an employment worthy of genius and taste, to select that species of the marvellous which might have been best adapted to the subject. The magnificent apparition of his weeping country, which Cæsar is described to have beheld on the banks of the Rubicon, proves how well Lucan was qualified for employing the charm of fable, without injuring the dignity of history.

We cannot draw towards the close of our observations on the Epic Poetry of the Romans, without saying a few words on Lucretius and Ovid.

The subject which Titus Lucretius Carus has taken for his poem, is of a dry and metaphysical kind. It has been truly said, that the *De Naturâ rerum* is little more than the Epicurean philosophy in verse, if indeed one may call by the name of philosophy the mixed reveries of Atomism and Atheism. Poetry, in

any language, very unwillingly lends itself to the technical phraseology of physical statement, or metaphysical reasoning. Thus it happens that Lucretius is seldom poetical, except in his digressions: but in those digressions he is a poet in the true sense of the word. His style is sometimes hard and incorrect: but it is vigorous and fervid. There are some persons who on account of this very hardness, have imagined that he has more strength than Virgil; but these are the people who build their reasoning on the ridiculous prejudice that harshness is allied to vigour, and that elegance borders on weakness. The description of the plague, and that of love's physical enjoyments, are the two most celebrated passages in the poem of Lucretius: and it is no small merit to have succeeded so eminently in describing both that which is sweetest and that which is most horrible in nature.

Of the life of Lucretius but few particulars are known. He was early sent to Athens, where he studied under Zeno and Phædrus. The tenets of Epicurus and Empedocles, which were at that time exceedingly prevalent in Athens, were warmly studied by the young Lucretius. Epicurus taught that the happiness of mankind consists in pleasure, not the pleasure which arises from sensual gratification, much less the pleasure which may be accompanied by vice: but in that pleasure which is derived from the enjoyments of intellect and the sweets of virtue. He represented the Gods as inactive, devoted to fit pleasures, and unconcerned with the affairs of mankind. Empedocles was a disciple of Telauges, the Pythagorean, and adopted the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Lucretius, having closely considered these systems, and gathered from them a part of what was necessary for his own scheme, appears to have studied the *Infinits* of Anaximander, and the Atoms of Democritus: and from all these philosophies, or follies, he composed a poem, of which the avowed impiety and palpable absurdity make us wish that it did not give evidence of so much genius. It is said to have been chiefly written while the poet was under the influence of a philtre, administered to him by his wife, or mistress, Lucilia, in a fit of jealousy. The manner of his death seems to be doubtful; but the commonly received opinion is, that he destroyed himself in the 44th year of his age, about 54 years before Christ. After his death, his poems were revised and corrected by Cicero.

The biography of Ovid is not attended with so many doubts. Publius Ovidius Naso was born at Sulmo, or Sulmona, an ancient town of the Peligni, about 90 miles from Rome. His father, intending him for the bar, sent him early to Rome, and removed him to Athens in the sixteenth year of his age. The young Ovid made great progress in the study of eloquence; but with him, as well as with our modern students of law, the Muses had more charms than Astræa. He was often admonished that Homer, the greatest of poets, had lived and died in poverty: but the strong temptation of a literary life overcame all the precepts of parental prudence, and nothing could deter him from pursuing his natural inclination. Fortunately for him, he lived in the only age which has been favourable to literature. *Poet*, in the days of Augustus, was a title of glory: and not a title of glory alone, for solid profit attended it, and supported its dignity. A lively genius and a fertile imagination soon procured admirers for Ovid: the learned enrolled themselves in the number of his friends: he was honoured with the correspondence of Virgil and Horace, Propertius and Tibullus: and Augustus patronized him with a liberality which knew no bounds. But while fortune and fame appeared to smile upon him with all their sunshine, a sudden storm arose, and blasted his prospects in a moment. He was banished by the Emperor to Tomos, on the Euxine sea. The real cause of his disgrace has never been positively ascertained; but it has generally been supposed either that Ovid intrigued with Livia, the Emperor's wife, or that in passing through the palace he accidentally became a witness of the Emperor's incest with Julia his daughter. Ovid himself, after his banishment, never durst avow the cause; and the silence of all the parties as to the nature of the Poet's offence, seems to confirm the conjecture, that he discovered some foul crime of Augustus. Indeed he has actually ventured to say that his banishment was occasioned by some unfortunate spectacle that he had seen, and though he does not explain the nature of that spectacle, yet from collateral facts it is not impossible to gather such matter as shall afford very fair grounds for believing that Ovid was privy to some crime of the Emperor. In three passages the Poet has employed expressions that throw some light upon the question:

Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci?
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?
Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam,
Præda fuit canibus non minus ille suis.

Again he says,

Inscia quod crimen viderunt lumina, plector,
Peccatumque oculos est habuisse meum.

And in another place,

Perdiderunt cum me duo crimina, carmen et error,
Alterius facti culpa silenda mihi est.

But Ovid was a man of a pusillanimous character, as he plainly proved during his banishment. It is true that his situation in exile must have been a grievous and distressful one; but the impatience which he displayed in all his writings, and the gross flattery with which he prostituted his muse, must remain an indelible disgrace to his writings, and subject him to more ridicule than pity. Notwithstanding all the fulsome adulation that he poured forth, the Emperor was deaf to every supplication, and refused to hear those ardent intreaties which persons of the greatest interest at Rome were constantly preferring in favour of the exile. Still he continued his flattery, although, as any man, who has ever sounded the depths of the human heart, will conclude, Ovid in reality could have desired nothing more earnestly than the appearance of some new Brutus, who might emancipate Rome from the tyrannical Augustus, and open the way for the Poet's return. When at last the emperor died, Ovid even consecrated a small temple to his memory on the Euxine sea, and offered frankincense in it every morning. But Tiberius, who came to the Imperial sceptre on the death of Augustus, was as deaf as his predecessor to the intreaties that were made in favour of Ovid: and the unfortunate poet paid the debt of nature in the 59th year of his age, and in the year of our Lord 17. He was buried at Tomos. In the year 1508, the following epitaph was found at Stain, in the modern kingdom of Austria.

Hic situs est vates, quem Divi Cæsaris ira
Augusti, patriâ cedere jussit humo.
Sæpe miser voluit patriis occumbere terris,
Sed frustra: hunc illi fata dedere locum.

"Here lies the poet, whom the displeasure "of the Divine Augustus Cæsar forced from "his native country. That he might return "to his country's soil, often did the unfortunate "man desire, but in vain: this spot the fates "have assigned to him."

But it has been believed that this epitaph is only a forgery, contrived in order to give celebrity to an obscure corner of the world, which never in reality contained the bones of Ovid.

We have to speak of Ovid in this place, merely as the author of the Metamorphoses. Perhaps he is in no kind of writing, a poet of the first rate ability: but he has gained by his universality a reputation which his genius, directed to any one object, would probably never have attained. It is impossible to bestow too high a commendation on the variety with which he has diversified the poem of the Metamorphoses, or on the art with which he has interwoven the different stories. Though most of the fables are totally unconnected with each other, yet he has formed from these scattered events one great whole, beautifully dove-tailed and cemented; he has constantly kept in his hand some imperceptible clue, which guides us into a labyrinth of pleasing adventures, and never is by any accident broken. He has made every incident seem to arise from that which precedes it, he has introduced characters almost without number, some to act and some to narrate, so that every thing proceeds and developes itself without interruption, without disorder, without inconvenience, from the separation of the elements that follows Chaos, down to the apotheosis of Augustus. Great indeed was the flexibility of imagination and of style, which could successively assume every tone according to the nature of the subject, and diversify by expression so many events, that all conclude in the same manner by a transmutation of form.

The painting of Ovid is generally rich, and appears usually to have cost him no sort of trouble. He raises the mind, he melts it, he terrifies it, sometimes by throwing open the palace of the sun, sometimes by singing the lamentations of love, sometimes by describing the furies of jealousy, and the horrors of vice. With equal facility he depicts battles and pleasures, heroes and shepherds, Olympus and a bower, the cavern of Envy and the cottage of Philemon. We do not know exactly how much was furnished to him by the ancient mythology, and how much was the original production of his own fancy: but at any rate he seems to deserve credit for many of the essential qualities of a poet, although he wants the highest merits. He has been justly accused of gaudiness in his style, of too great abundance and ornament: but it must be owned that the superfluity of his ornaments does not give evidence of any labour or effort: grace and facility cover a thousand of his negligences: and it may be said much more truly of him than it was said of Seneca, that he pleases even in his very faults. Ovid indeed is not to be compared to Virgil: but, perhaps, if Virgil had not existed we should scarcely have known the defects of Ovid.

The next Number will conclude our dissertation on Epic Poetry among the Ancients: and the other departments of classical learning will then be brought to the view of our readers.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

ADVICE TO PAINTERS.

(Concluded from page 258.)

YOU have doubtless now acquired the art of taking *inveterate* likenesses, and pencil and pallet in hand, you prepare for action. Somerset-house is, to be sure, your grand shew-shop, but alas! "*Ver non semper viret*," a painter cannot get hung up every day in the year; therefore between hanging times, you may hire a window in a barber's, or a baker's shop, where your pictures are sure to catch attention, if the *frames* are sufficiently splendid. Some wise antient has observed, "*Est modus in rebus*," that is to say, "there is a knack even in portrait painting;" thus, were you to paint some honest smooth-faced citizen, it would pass unnoticed, but your plan is to present us with the effigies of a rich Jew, a bank director, a fat alderman, or a city marshal: these well-known characters engage universal attention, and all the world and his wife will say, "hah! he shall paint us too."

You will observe, it is not absolutely necessary that these great folks should sit *to you* for their pictures; because if they are blessed with round chins, or hook noses, the odds are, that you will find them already sketched in the caricature shops.

As poets, by immemorial custom, are excused from any attention to truth, the professors of the sister art have surely a claim to the same indulgence; when you are therefore called on to transfer some good stupid looking face to the canvas, or to perpetuate the wrinkles of antiquated virginity, even beyond the grave, you will keep in your recollection the anecdote mentioned by Walpole, of Riley the painter, who having drawn a *correct* likeness of that merry Monarch Charles the Second, the King exclaimed, "Is this like me? then odds-fish! I am an ugly fellow."

From single figures you may be sometimes called to paint family pieces; now here you have a fine field for your genius, and with the assistance of Tooke's Pantheon, and the Tablet of Memory, you may shew yourself possessed of every quirk and quibble of classic and of modern literature. You will, however, recollect Hamlet's advice to the players, to suit the action to the subject, and must therefore have your historical plans ready cut and dry. The elegant author of Fitz-Osborne's letters has recommended that even dull portrait painting should be enlivened "by representing a whole "family in a single picture; under some histo-"rical subject suitable to their rank and cha-"racter,"—so if some great iron-master from Birmingham should wish to hang up his family in his drawing-room, you may apply to Homer for his description of Vulcan and the Cyclops forging the armour of Achilles, or should some gay spendthrift yoke himself to a rich widow, you may represent *him* as Danae laying in his garret, whilst his beloved is tumbling through the roof in a shower of bank notes.

Whilst the war lasts, you will have many opportunities of painting sieges and battles both by sea and land; here it is not at all necessary that you should see these sieges or battles, when you have so correct a representation of them at the Royal Circus or Olympic Pavilion, without any danger of singularity too, as all the paintings or prints I have lately seen on these subjects, seem evidently taken from the same source. Indeed I believe the public would be rather dissatisfied with sketches drawn on the spot, with *some* resemblance to reality. Nay, where indeed would be the pleasure of looking at a battle, unless you can tell who is who;—at sea, or on shore, it is all the same, whether a man is five yards or five miles off, the one has as good a right to have his picture drawn as the other, and though their duty has called them to different parts of the field, you must assemble them right in the front to be looked at. We are told that "there "is nothing new under the sun," and this is fully proved in the present instance, wherefore our modern battle painters, whose works possess no likeness, *except in the portraits*, must give up all claim to originality, for Pausanias in his fifth book tells us of one Panæus, brother to the celebrated Phidias, who in the pœcile portico at Athens, painted a large representation of the battle of Marathon, in which Miltiades is accompanied by Theseus, Hercules, Minerva, and much more good company; and Pliny in his account of the picture, states expressly, that portraits of the generals were introduced.

I had some thoughts of giving you a few hints on scene-painting, but that would be needless, as the *application* of the scenes, or rather their *appropriation* depending on the judgment of the *carpenter*, rather than of the painter, we must give the *former* credit for those elegant aberrations from common sense, with which we are so often treated at Drury and the Garden. I must confess my knowledge of geography, is much improved when I go to the representation of *Oroonoko*, the scene of which lays in Surinam, a country so flat, as to be in general below the level of high water mark, and only prevented from being overflowed by dykes and canals; but our ingenious scene painters, or scene shifters, contrive to raise alps on alps, and to give us the mountain torrent, along with the spreading palmetto, and more humble plantain; nay they even improve on this by shewing us mountains and rocks covered with snow in the desarts of Arabia!!

But to return—If you wish to be a painter, *on a large scale*, you may astonish by a panorama; but even this is not quite original, as we are informed by Pliny, that Nero had some idea of that kind, by causing himself to be painted on canvas, in the character of a Colossus, of one hundred and twenty feet in heighth; this certainly surpasses our modern panorama makers, in their heighth, though not perhaps in their breadth of canvas.

You will now perceive that when you have no original ideas of your own, you may venture to *borrow* from the ancients. How unfortunate you are to live in a country and age, where painters, no more than poets, are allowed to take every licence; otherwise you might immortalize yourself by imitating Parrhasius, who, Seneca tells us, having purchased an aged captive, exposed him to a most wretched lingering death, in order that he might paint, from his tortures and anguish, the fate of Prometheus! alas, now-a-days, *you* have nothing for it but the new drop.

There is another very amusing custom practised in Italy, where the ladies sit naked for the instruction of the painter: this, however, is not quite modern, as we are informed by several ancient writers, whose united testimonies must be conclusive, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Pliny, and Cicero, that the famous Helen of Zeuxis, the greatest ornament of the temple of Juno, was painted from an assemblage of the greatest beauties of the time; and the last-mentioned author embellishes his account of it with some pretty little stories, to which you may refer. To be sure, our ladies in sitting for their portraits, nearly resemble these Italian fair ones of whom we speak, but even in copying the transparencies of *their* drapery, you must again yield the palm of originality to the ancients. Pliny, in speaking of a painter of his time (Polygnotus), describes his improvement in the art in the following manner—"he first painted the ladies in *transparent* "*drapery*,—and he first taught them to open "their lips, and shew their teeth,"—from which some people might suppose before that time, that the ladies kept their mouths shut; could you, indeed, by *your* skill, produce a *contrary* effect, how many husbands and fathers might you not reckon in your list of patrons.

It may be proper for you to read the lives of your predecessors in the art, in order to guard against *their* misfortunes, I shall in the mean time insert one or two instances, as a kind of finger-posts for your direction and guidance.

It is related of Lodovico Caracci, who was employed to paint the annunciation at a considerable height in the cathedral of Bologna, that having supposed his work nearly finished, and being rather near-sighted, he trusted to the judgment of a friend, looking on the work from below, and in compliance with his advice, took down his scaffolding; but the criticisms on his picture were so severe, that he died of chagrin. You will therefore trust to no one's judgment but your own, and though all the world should unite in calling your paintings execrable, you must still consider them as *chefs d'œuvre* of the art. We are also told that Le Brun died of downright mortification, at hearing praises bestowed on his rival Mignard: you will therefore be careful never to listen to the praises bestowed on any of your cotemporaries, and always recollect, that a judicious regard to your own health, obliges you to depress their rising fame. I shall now conclude my hints to you gentlemen, with what you will no doubt reckon a *devilish* good piece of advice; my extreme regard for your health induced me to take medical advice, and Doctor Tissot has prescribed for a case in point, in his medical essay, on the diseases of the literati. It is an old saying, that the Devil is not so black as he is painted; it is proper you should pay strict attention to this old saw, as Tissot informs us, that Spinello, a Tuscan painter, having painted a panorama of hell, gave such horrible expression to their commander in chief, my Lord Lucifer, that he himself was seized with extreme horror, and during the remainder of his life,

always imagined that the Devil was persecuting him for having drawn such an ugly likeness. Now it would not be a very pleasant thing to have the Devil prosecuting you in the Court of King's Bench for a libel, though only in imagination. This idea of being frightened at a shadow of a man's own painting, is what a Hibernian might call a *counterpart* to the man who frightened his own shadow—

" He look'd so gaunt, and was so very grim
" His very shadow, durst not follow him!!"

Adieu,

OF THE EFFECTS PRODUCED BY ADVERSITY ON DIFFERENT MINDS.

Sweet are the uses of Adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE fable of the jewel that adorns the toad's head, is a vulgar notion which is supposed to have arisen from the singular brightness of that reptile's eye: but common acceptation is sufficient evidence for a poet, and every body feels and admires the exquisite passage which is the motto of this article.

But although we are very unwilling to cavil about the accuracy of a notion which is employed merely by way of illustration, yet we are by no means ready to admit, without consideration, every axiom which a beautiful illustration is brought to recommend. Many men there are, whom adversity has chastened and corrected: who have turned their thoughts inward through disgust at all outward objects: and who, having once become acquainted with their own hearts, have earnestly desired to make those hearts worthy of the acquaintance. But perhaps adversity in the extreme, or even moderate adversity occurring to persons of particularly sanguine temperaments, tends rather to weaken the mind than to ameliorate the heart: and it has perpetually happened that those who have borne prosperity the most haughtily, have endured adversity the most pusillanimously. Now the mere humiliation of any man, a humiliation unattended with any but mortifying sensations, a humiliation of pride and not of conscience, can have little or no effect upon his temper, except that of exacerbating it. He on whom prosperity has never been poured in so plentiful a shower as to induce a forgetfulness of duty and of situation, is likely, on a reverse of fortune, to perceive and amend any little errors which he may have committed: but he who by prosperity has been transported beyond himself, will in adversity be humbled beneath himself. External fortune and not his own mind has held him up: when, therefore, external fortune, which has been his only prop, is suddenly snatched away, he has not time to seek support from his own mind, and becomes totally abject and helpless. A swimmer, who has been accustomed to no aid beyond that of a bladder, may sustain himself upon the stream when that slight assistance is removed: but one who has floated in a complete jacket of cork, will probably sink if that aid be taken from him.

Some ancient wit said of the English nation in raillery, *Anglica gens, pessima ridens, optima flens*—The English are the worst laughers, but the best weepers in the world: or, in other words, the English can bear adversity, but not prosperity. That this statement is correct in one of its branches, we believe: but we believe also that it is incorrect in another. We are inclined to think that the English bear adversity with fortitude, because they are generally too prudent, or too phlegmatic, to be much elated by prosperity: but when an Englishman, from peculiar lightness of constitution, is bloated into arrogance by good fortune, he is as liable as his neighbours to be degraded into meanness by untoward accidents.

Wolsey, the most powerful subject whom the realm of England has ever known, is a striking instance in support of these assertions. A remembrance of the lowness of his origin perhaps increased his pride, for a sudden elevation usually produces such an effect: but he appears to have had another kind of pride from his nature, and yet another pride from his education. When he rose to the rank of Cardinal, acquired the entire favour of the King, and obtained the highest offices of profit and of trust in the State, he became so insufferably arrogant, that it is said he could not be contented unless he were served by the sons of noblemen. He in common discourse placed his own name before that of his Sovereign, say-

ing, *Ego et Rex meus*—I and my King. When Edward, Duke of Buckingham, spilt a little water on his shoes, he is reported to have told his Grace, that "he would stick in his skirts:" and in a little while the Duke was beheaded. He carried the broad seal of England with him beyond sea—he retained a greater train than the King—he tyrannized over the whole realm, and his word was law—nay, he actually cited King Henry and Queen Catherine to appear before him and his fellow Cardinal Campeius, the legate of the Pope. On a sudden the capricious Henry withdrew his favour: Wolsey licked the dust: he bowed and cringed to all those men in power, whom he had before contemned: he appeared overjoyed when any mean courtier would condescend to speak to him: and when Mr. Norris met him on the way at Putney, and brought for him from the Monarch a comfortable message and the present of a gold ring, Wolsey alighted from his mule, and received the message bare-headed and kneeling in the dirt, with the humblest expressions of gratitude to God and to the King.

An instance equally forcible, is that of the great Bacon.—George, Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James the First, knowing the vast abilities of Bacon, who was then Attorney-General, and conceiving that, as affairs were then situated, this lawyer was the fittest man "to serve the King in quality of Lord "Keeper of the Broad Seal," sent a gentleman to tell him that he should be appointed to that high office. This intelligence was accompanied by a message, which purported, that the Duke knew him to be naturally a knave, proud, and apt to return injuries for benefits: but which further warned Bacon to be careful, signifying that if his conduct were insolent or ungrateful, the Duke "would sink him as far below scorn "and contempt, as he had preferred him above "his expectation." Bacon heard the message with patience, and promised to obey the commands of so good a patron with the greatest submission and exactness. But when he had received the seals, and the King for a little while was gone into Scotland, Bacon began to fancy himself a Prince. He slept in the King's apartments, did the business of the Court in the banquetting house, and generally usurped all the state and attendance of the King. He carried his presumption so far, that if any of the Privy Councillors who were sitting with him for the dispatch of public affairs, drew near him, he would bid them "sit further off, "and know their distance:" which affronted Secretary Winwood so greatly, that he went away, refused to appear again at the council board, and immediately wrote to the King, advising him to return to England with what speed he might, because his seat was already usurped by the keeper. Bacon, (who during this assumed grandeur, had, on receiving letters from the Duke of Buckingham that required speedy answers, refused to notice them but at his own leisure,) now hearing that the King was on his way to London, and finding that his own magnificence was at an end, sank into the most abject fear. The Court being come to Windsor, he attended two days at the Duke of Buckingham's apartments, and was admitted no further than into the room where the footmen and the dregs of the family waited. There, for the two successive days, he sate upon an old wooden coffer, with the purse and seal lying beside him: and then gaining admittance, he fell at the Duke's feet, kissing them, and vowing never to rise again without his Grace's pardon. The Duke of Buckingham forgave him: and Bacon became the slave of the Duke and of all his relations.

Examples, it has been acknowledged, are infinitely more useful and credible than rules: and while we own the advantageous effects that adversity may produce on some minds, we cannot help conceiving that such anecdotes as those we have been relating are sufficient to prove, that there are other minds on which adversity can work no beneficial change. The general applicability of the axiom contained in our motto we therefore confess: but we feel ourselves justified in doubting its universality.

LA BONNE BOUCHE.

ANCIENT PROXIES.

The *naiveté* of the two Hibernians who reckoned a journey of ten miles, as only five miles a piece, has been often laughed at, there appears however something very like it in this country in the code of laws instituted by Edgar, where ecclesiastical punishments for offences, were not only commuted by *personal* penances, but where these penances might be performed by substitution. The rich therefore in these cases had great advantages over their poorer brethren, who at the same time derived some

benefit from a participation in the punishment, though they had none in the crime, for they were often employed to share in the fasts and pilgrimages of those who could pay for their assistance; thus if a Thane was ordered to fast *thirty* days, he hired nine and twenty Churles to assist him and did it in *one*; or if he was to go *twenty* miles on his bare knees, saying his Ave Mary, and Pater Noster, he was allowed to hire *nineteen* to assist him, so that it was only *one mile a piece*.

VANITY CHECKED.

When the famous Doctor Greathead, who had risen in the church from a low origin, was promoted to the see of Lincoln, several of his poor relations looked forward to favours and advancement; one in particular, a farmer, was importunate in his suit, when the Bishop coolly replied, "Cousin, I would willingly "mend your plough if it required it, or would "even give you a new one; but a farmer I "found you, and for me a farmer shall you "remain."

Something analogous to this was the reply of James the First, to a clown who had given him some assistance whilst hunting, and who requested to be made a gentleman; "In gude "troth, my friend, you mun ask something "else; I could mak you a Lord, but God Al-"mighty himsell, could na mak you a gentle-"man."

RETORT COURTEOUS.

Rigaud, the much esteemed French painter, was as much esteemed for his ready wit, as for his talents as an artist. Though sought after by all as a portrait painter, he was always unwilling to employ his pencil in the service of the ladies of the court, for said he, "if I paint "real likenesses they are always dissatisfied, "and were I to paint them all handsome, how "few of their portraits would bear a resem-"blance."

To one lady in particular, who whilst she sat to him, complained of the glare of *his colours*, he sarcastically replied, "and yet Ma-"dam, we *both* buy at the same shop."

ROYAL SIMILARITY.

A well-known Pindaric wit in the present age, has been accustomed to allow his *Pegasus*, whilst prancing over the common, to fling dirt at the agricultural amusements of a revered personage; such pursuits however were the amusement and recreation of a monarch, who has emphatically been called *the Great*. We allude to Henry the Fourth of France, who not only *personally* patronized agriculturists, but was also a practical farmer himself, and took pride in making the Spanish ambassador, a man of high rank, and supercilious manners, taste some wine made in his own vineyard; saying courteously to him, "I as-"sure you I have not only a vineyard, but "also some fields, and some cows under my "own direction, and I have learned so much "of farming that I am convinced I could make "a comfortable livelihood by it."

ANCIENT LUXURY.

The simplicity of ancient times, even in their luxuries, is amusing in the retrospect when contrasted with present manners. It is told of a president of the Parliament, in the reign of Henry the Second of France, that in all his leases to his tenants, he inserted a clause, obliging them at stated times in the year, to furnish him with a covered cart, well *carpetted* with fresh straw, for the use of his wife and daughters, and also with an ass for his chamber-maid to ride on; to this *fashionable* cavalcade he prefixed himself on a mule, whilst his secretary performed his part of the journey on foot.

Even so late as the reign of Elizabeth in England, the *drawing-rooms* were spread with rushes; and when the maids of honour of that princess, laughed at Gran u weel, the daughter of an Irish chieftain, for blowing her nose with her fingers, the *polished* heroine accused *them* of want of cleanliness for putting their handkerchiefs in their pockets.

SPIRITED REPLY.

A minister of Louis the Fourteenth, said reproachfully to a colonel of the Swiss Guards, "That if he could add together all the money "which the Swiss troops had received from "France, it would pave the high road from "Paris to Berne."—"Perhaps it would," replied the soldier, "and were you to collect all "the blood which they have shed in your ser-"vice, it would fill a canal extending the same "distance."

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. VIII.

THE EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE.

"I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, saith the Lord."

WE little expected, very few years ago, that we should ever be compelled to take up the pen in suppression of any sect of religion; because we used to feel that the interests of the state would suffer but little from the liberty which every body ought to enjoy, of worshipping his Creator according to his own conscience; but a time has now arrived when certain religions, not merely in their speculative tenets, but in their practical precepts, have become dangerous to the state in which they subsist, because they have, in some instances, unfortunately lost those principles of pure justice and virtue, among which tolerance is to be ranked, and have risen in an array of dreadful arms against those great and original laws of nature and of God, by which man is classed as a reasonable creature, and society held together in union. It therefore becomes every man who wishes well to his country—every man who desires to save her from the palsying power of a mean superstition—every man who has the interests of Christianity, and the general good of his fellow-beings at heart—to stand forward in opposition to the shocking imposture which is now gaining ground so rapidly in England, and stop, before the contagion proceed any further, those gross and dangerous frauds which designing villains, or deluded fools, are thrusting on the minds of well-disposed but unenlightened persons.

The source from which flows every abuse that we here complain of is the doctrine of Methodism, which, though it may in itself be a rational and a fit doctrine, yet when pushed to the unreasonable lengths to which it is carried by some of its zealots, becomes revolting to common sense and prejudicial to society. When we admit that Methodism may be a rational and fit religion, we beg that we may not be understood as leaning in the slighest degree toward the tenets that it inculcates; we make the admission only because we feel, that, amid the uncertainty which must always hang on all matters of religious faith, it ill becomes any man, or any set of men, to spurn a system as fundamentally absurd, and erect themselves into judges between their fellow-creatures and their God. But since, from the earliest ages of the world, we have seen so many examples of the grossest religious perversion; since we have beheld the most horrible outrages excused and even justified by pretences of faith; since we have seen reason degraded, as incompetent to the functions for which it was created, and the mantle of devotion spread forth for the decoration of crimes that merited only the sword of the executioner—surely we may be entitled to say, that while we tolerate, in their fullest extent, the speculative opinions of every sect, and acknowledge the possible truth of almost every religious opinion, yet we do not think it necessary to leave a plenary latitude for dangerous practice, nor to encourage the public propagation of doctrines which, even privately imbibed, are injurious to the individual, and of course pernicious to the state.

Having said thus much in justification of our own principles of toleration, we venture, with confidence, to address ourselves to that class of religious sectaries, who are commonly denominated *Methodists*. We call upon them, in order for a right comprehension of their duty toward God, to exercise that common sense which God has bestowed upon them. We entreat them to consider, that their Maker has not endowed them with an understanding merely for the sake of persuading them how powerless that understanding is: we beseech them to reflect, that although the dispensations of Providence are frequently beyond reason, they are not frequently against it. In these times, when the physical world no longer exhibits any instances of miracles, why do they still persist in believing that miracles are to be found in the moral world? Why do they imagine that reason is to be overthrown, while external nature is permitted to proceed in her ordinary course? And for what purpose can they conceive that Heaven has enlightened the minds of a few zealous preachers, while it continues, in no other direct instance, to exercise any special providence upon the earth? Numerous and dreadful are the examples of misery and even death, occasioned by the wild reveries of some of these misguided guides: and agony of feeling, bigotry of principle, contempt of every differing opinion, hostility to all who hold a distinct persuasion, and a consequent neglect of those duties which are necessary for the

well-being of every civil institution, are thus made the consequences of that glorious religion, whose practice is the doing to others as we would that they should do to us, and whose effect is peace on earth, good-will towards men! Surely the contradiction is too obvious not to strike upon the mind of every dispassionate thinker!

Among the most conspicuous engines of that mischief which we are earnestly deprecating, is a monthly publication called the *Evangelical Magazine*. The circulation of this work is exceedingly great, and amounts, as we have heard, to no less a sale than that of fifteen thousand numbers monthly. How much mischief a mischievous work may effect with such a circulation, our readers will easily conceive: all the blind zeal, all the pretended illuminations, all the intense sufferings of mind, all the prejudicial neglect of temporal interests, all, in short, that can serve to defeat the comfortable purposes of religion, and create a Hell even in the hope of Heaven, are here preached and enforced with a fanaticism the most dreadful, and a defiance of reason the most arrogantly imperious. We shall not here, as in former numbers of our Arbitrator, expose the trippings of ungrammatical scribblers, the malice of contemptible lampooners, or the injustice of periodical critics: we are now compelled to seize a weapon of greater force, and fight against the powerful progress of madness and superstition, those gigantic plagues, which in every past age have desolated the world, and which, after a short interval, appear to have awakened once more from the lethargy in which they lay, and like the monsters of fable, to lift their hundred arms, in the wicked ambition of grasping the heavens themselves!

We shall not go back to the past numbers of the *Evangelical Magazine*: there are two or three absurdities, so glaringly flagrant, in the number for the current month, that we are sure all unprejudiced persons will feel the exposure of these to be a sufficient impeachment of the work. Let not the readers of that Magazine imagine that we intend to throw a slur upon religion in general, or upon their particular principles, when we deprecate the mischiefs of this dangerous publication. Rather let seriously disposed persons believe, that we are doing a service to the cause which they profess, in separating the chaff from the wheat, and guarding the doctrine of that particular persuasion from becoming confounded with notions that tend to bring into ridicule every thing connected with them. When people in general see the *Evangelical Magazine*, they know not how much of its matter may reflect the real sentiments of the readers who support the work: but they see the conclusions of learned and pious men pushed to an extreme which must make any thing ridiculous; and they imagine that the follies which blockheads, hypocrites, or zealots, have foisted upon the original system of that faith, are in fact an original and inherent portion of that system. We regret that such a confusion should be found: and we believe that the best way of gaining credit for the sterling merit that really exists, is to throw away the tinsel of fiction. The Methodists, like all other classes, will be respectable if they be but unaffected: but when furious partisans of the sect obtrude themselves ostentatiously upon the world, taking credit for inspirations which they never felt, and miracles which have never been performed, then the unprejudiced members of society laugh at the show, and the doctrine becomes a subject of contempt because a few of its professors have made themselves contemptible. We have no sort of dislike then to the tenets of Methodism, more than to the tenets of any other persuasion; we wish only to obviate its dangerous appearances, by bringing its extravagances into discredit. Its quiet and unoffending principles we never will attack; but when quiet and unoffending principles are swelled into active impostures, and propagated by lying narratives, every man ought to oppose the progress of so baneful a disorder.

In the last number there is an article worthy only of *The Interpreter of Dreams*, or *Every Man his own Conjuror*. We extract it verbatim:

"The truth of the following anecdote, however extraordinary, may be relied upon: it "is copied from a letter of Mr. Scott," (a Methodist preacher who had been in the army) "to a Mrs. B——, in the neighbourhood of "London, dated Manchester, July 25, 1801, "and by her communicated to the Editor:—

"I know not whether I ever told you a "singular story of a merchant's wife in this "place, who had been often importuned, by "some near relations who are serious, to hear "the gospel; but she was too well satisfied "with herself and her religion, to wish that "either should be changed, and therefore always refused. She dreamed one night that "she thoughtlessly entered a strange place of "worship, and sat down in a seat; when, as "soon as the minister got up in the pulpit, he "fixed his eyes on her, and immediately came "down to her, and said, Madam, you must "give me a text to preach from to-day. She

"would fain have been excused; but he de-
"clared he would not leave her, or preach,
"till she did. She was, therefore, forced to
"comply, and chose those words, Isaiah, i.
"2, 3. She then awoke. It happened a little
"while after I came to Manchester; and my
"brother Priestley (as he usually does) pub-
"lished me by the name of Captain; and it
"came to this lady's ears that a captain was
"to preach. She had met with various kinds
"of captains, but never with a preaching one;
"therefore her curiosity determined her to see
"what sort of a creature this was. As soon
"as she entered the place, she found it was the
"one she had seen in her dream; and when I
"got up into the pulpit and took my text, she
"found I was the preacher, and my text was
"the very words of Isaiah, which she fancied
"in her dream she had given to preach from;
"and the Lord was pleased to make use of
"them for her conviction and conversion. She
"became a serious inquirer after, and a lover
"and liver of the truth, from that time, adorn-
"ing the doctrine of God her Saviour till the
"day of her death, which happened about
"two years ago."

This story seems to need but little comment. That a woman should not only find the church in which she sate the same as that which had appeared in her dream, but find the very preacher the same, and the text the same too, is a thing so out of the bounds of all ordinary credibility, that either the dream was an ex-post-facto invention upon the service, or the reader must be mad who believes the dream and the service to have corresponded.

But if the story which we have here cited be ridiculous in the highest degree, that which we now subjoin is of a nature too dreadful for a jest. We are sure that it cannot fail to convince every impartial person of the dangerous tendency of such preachings and such publications, as are made by the fanatics who declaim before the people, and by the authors who diffuse the periodical poison of the *Evangelical Magazine*.

"A pious minister being called, a few years
"ago, to preach a sermon for the benefit of a
"sunday school in Northamptonshire, was led,
"in his discourse, to insist much on the neces-
"sity of being clothed with the Redeemer's
"robe of righteousness, as the only means by
"which men could be delivered from all that
"misery which awaited them as sinful crea-
"tures. While he was thus speaking, a vio-
"lent storm of thunder and lightning came on,
"accompanied with rain and hail. The light-
"ning struck a tree, in the church-yard, shi-
"vered it in pieces, and drove a part of it
"through one of the church-windows. Alarm-
"ed at this circumstance, the congregation
"began to fly in all directions—seeking re-
"fuge where it was the least likely to be
"found. The minister, from this awful scene,
"took occasion to entreat them to remain in
"the House of God; reminding them that if
"they were protected from their sins by the
"righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, let
"storms, thunder, lightning, tempest, or even
"death itself come, they were perfectly safe.

"In pursuing the discourse, his attention
"was attracted to one of the Sunday School
"girls, who was standing near the pulpit;
"and who was so peculiarly affected, that an
"impression came upon his mind, that he had
"been the instrument of communicating some
"substantial good to the child. Thus im-
"pressed, he made it a point to call at the
"parents' house the next day, and after the
"customary salutations, he was told by her
"mother, that the child had been that day
"disappointed, as she had expected to go to
"the fair; but that a circumstance had oc-
"curred which would prevent her.—What,
"my dear, said the minister, are you fond of
"going to fairs?—The child immediately re-
"plied, oh no, Sir; I don't want to go to the
"fair: I now only want to be clothed in that
"robe of righteousness which you were speak-
"ing of yesterday; and that I may see Jesus
"Christ.

"Struck with this delightful observation,
"the good man entered into conversation with
"the dear child; and found her mind so sensi-
"bly wrought upon, that he had every reason
"to hope and believe a divine work had been
"begun upon her heart. He left her, intend-
"ing to repeat his visit the next day; but he
"had scarcely reached his home, before a
"messenger arrived to inform him, that this
"dear child of God had been found by her
"parents dead in the garden. So quickly did
"the Lord call her to his glory!

"Oh, that all the young persons who read
"this, may seek for salvation through the Re-
"deemer's righteousness! This alone will en-
"able them, at the last day, to appear before
"the throne of Immanuel with joy; and with
"this dear child, to sing eternal praises to him
"who hath loved them, and washed them
"from their sins in his own precious blood!"

The minister took occasion, it seems, to remind the people who were flying in the thunder storm, that if they were protected from

their sins by the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, let storms, thunder, lightning, tempest, or even death itself come, they were perfectly safe. It seems hardly necessary to combat a reasoning, of which every hour gives refutations, and nobody in his senses will believe that God, who sends rain upon the just and upon the unjust, was likely to stay the force of a hurricane, because some of the persons whom that hurricane visited were engaged in religious occupations. Indeed, the misfortunes of the good, and the prosperity of the wicked, have for centuries afforded one of the strongest arguments in favour of the Christian doctrine, which teaches us, not that the good, by the most exemplary virtue, can escape calamity in this life; but that merits which deserve a recompence, will be rewarded in a better world. If virtue were always prosperous on earth, no man would be tempted to vice, and this world would no longer be a state of trial.—But we pass to that part of the story which constitutes the boast of the relator: the discovery of the poor child's sudden death. Can any further proof be wanting of the shocking tendency of the fanatical excesses to which many of the Methodists push their religion, than the sudden and powerful effect which the ravings of a preacher's disordered imagination produced upon the susceptible mind, and uninformed judgment of this girl? What must have been the feelings of her parents, when they saw, thus suddenly blasted in its very bloom, the opening flower whose growth they tended? What must have been the reflections of any man, not deluded by religious madness, who should consider that by a few incoherent metaphors, and sounding words, by pictures of a viciousness on earth which does not exist, and by descriptions of splendid dresses, and music, and all the rest of the pageantry, in which declaimers have always adorned a Heaven whose nature is not explained to man, he had swept into the grave, to the infinite grief of her friends, to the injury of society at large, to the loss, perhaps, of many happy years for the individual herself, a girl thus well disposed, thus sensible, tender, and feeling? Sunk in a moment from the spirits, the gaiety, and the pastimes natural to her years, possessed by enfeebling and enervating notions of another state, perhaps racked with alarm at the possible temptations and sins of this life, the nature of an innocent child becomes in a moment curdled from its free, pure current, to a thick and clotted substance; the vital principle is affected, and in few short hours the grave receives a creature destined, perhaps, for the support of helpless parents, for the maintenance of a future family, amiable in the mistaken feelings of her heart, and interesting even in her death!

The rest of the Magazine consists not indeed of palpable falsehoods, or lamentable facts, but of things in themselves laughable from their extreme silliness. Such, for instance, is the quotation from the dully moral hymns of Dr. Watts, which is recorded in this Magazine, as a striking instance of juvenile ability:

SMART REPLY OF A CHILD.

"A little girl being expostulated with by a "clergyman, for attending a Sunday School "belonging to a different place from his own, "and being asked by him why she went there, "*very acutely* answered, in the words of Dr. "Watts,

"I have been there, and still will go;
"'Tis like a little heaven below!"

What an extraordinary child!

There is something to us exceedingly ludicrous, in the style of the advertisements which crowd the outside leaves of this Evangelical publication. Religion is introduced into these advertisements, and sits upon them with a most awkward and uncouth effect.

"A partner wanted by an auctioneer and "appraiser of extensive practice in the metro-"polis. A middle-aged person who is a good "accountant and penman, of Evangelical prin-"ciples, and respectable connexions, and who "is able and willing to take an active part: "one who has some knowledge of the pro-"fession, or of surveying, drawing, or uphol-"dery, would be preferred; but that circum-"stance not essential, if possessed of the other "qualifications, and can command about "1500*l*. A larger sum may be employed, or "credit would be given on good security. The "minutest investigation, as to character, will "be submitted to and expected. Address, post-"paid, &c."

"To milliners and dress-makers. A person "wishes to place his daughter, aged 14, for "three or four years, under the care of a lady "of Evangelical principles and respectability "in the above line, in order to learn the busi-"ness. Letters post-paid, &c."

"For Margate. The Religious public are "again most respectfully informed, that the "Princess of Wales's yacht, Providence per-"mitting, will sail, &c. Mr. Chapman, or "Mr. Bourn, will be on board, at the — "tavern, on Thursday, to whom all kind "friends are requested to apply."

What will men of the world think about the

religious advertisement of an auctioneer, whose profession has fibbing for its ground-work; of a milliner, whose trade has intrigue for its companion; or of a sailor, whose life has swearing for its characteristic? Surely religion has no business in an advertisement: the ark of the covenant is not to be placed in a kennel.

Perhaps we shall be asked in what way we would check the pernicious, the terrible, the indecorous practices of those who think or pretend to think that they are labouring for the glory of God. We certainly do not wish to see those practises checked by the direct interposition of the legislature. We wish to see reason opposed as the only immediate argument against faith, however mistaken we may believe the principles of that faith to be. The sword is not the weapon by which conviction can be wrought: and the imposition of disabilities and degradations may make rebels, but never will create converts. We wish that the legislature would check the progress of this mischief, by untying rather than cutting the Gordian knot: by assisting the operations of reason rather than by the summary vigour of penalties. And it appears to us that the only mode in which reason can be aided, is the encouragement of those who preach her doctrines: that is to say an improvement in the situation of the regular clergy. It is evident, from the wonderful celerity with which the wild notions of every zealot are propagated and admitted among the people, that there exists among the subjects of this kingdom a craving eagerness for some religious instruction. Now we have been led to understand, that this eagerness manifests itself chiefly among the lower classes of the people, with whom religion at best is never much better than superstition, because its doctrines are believed when its reasons are not understood. But at any rate, in any degree of fervour, and under any title, the existence of some such influence that may govern the minds of the people is of great use to the state, and the object of the state should be to combine the public benefit, with comfort and advantage, even for the lowest individuals who compose a part of the public. It appears that these lower individuals are usually persons whose religion is not a principle calmly acknowledged, but an active passion. It fills their minds with enthusiasm, and employs their minds as fully as love or ambition does the mind of a maiden or a soldier. But does it not then become necessary that an impulse so strong should have a right direction? Surely when the stream grows so powerful, it is material that it flow along a regular channel. It therefore becomes necessary to increase in value the livings and curacies of our own church establishment, and give to the people such teachers as shall be competent to the duties of their office: it becomes necessary to increase in value the livings and curacies of our clergy: it becomes necessary to make the church a profession so comfortable in point of emolument, that men of real ability may find it worth their while to devote their attention to it. Men of real ability will be able to captivate the minds of their hearers, since it is captivation that must accomplish the great work of religion: but the starving curates or stupid rectors, people who are either disabled from sufficient attention to their duties by abject poverty, or unfitted by nature, education, and habit, for the consideration of any subject more noble than a dinner or a dairy, at this day are unable to contend against the fanciful theories of declaimers, who, however fundamentally ignorant, are nevertheless perpetually glittering in ornament and gewgaw, and contrive to move the heart by melting the imagination. When the clear tenets of more rational religion are preached to the people with all the energy of which they are capable, the strained efforts of fanaticism, will perhaps appear impotent amid all their fury; but until the sleepy style of our poor parsons shall have been succeeded by the animation of honest zeal, and until that animation shall be properly supported by government—methodism, and all the evils consequent upon methodism misunderstood, must continue to gain ground, upon the ardent ignorance of simple minds.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

MARMION, A TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

BY WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 270.)

IN resuming our account of Mr. Scott's work, we proceed to fulfil our promise of extracting the description of the battle and of Marmion's death. It is decidedly the most striking passage of the poem.

The Esquires are standing on the hill with Clara, prepared to view the fight:—

Canto VI. from p. 354 to p. 370.

"Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"'Unworthy office here to stay!
"No hope of gilded spurs to day—
"But see! look up—on Flodden bent
"The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
"And sudden as he spoke
"From the sharp ridges of the hill
"All downward to the banks of Till
"Was wreathed in sable smoke;
"Volumed and vast, and rolling far
"The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
"As down the hill they broke:
"Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone
"Announced their march; their tread alone,
"At times one warning trumpet blown,
"At times a stifled hum,
"Told England, from his mountain throne
"King James did rushing come.
"Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
"Until at weapon-point they close.
"They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
"With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
"And such a yell was there,
"As if men fought upon the earth,
"And fiends in upper air.
"Long looked the anxious Squires; their eye
"Could in the darkness nought descry.

"At length the freshening western blast
"Aside the shroud of battle cast;
"And first, the ridge of mingled spears
"Above the brightening cloud appears;
"And in the smoke the pennons flew,
"As in the storm the white sea mew,
"Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
"The broken billows of the war,
"And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
"Floating like foam upon the wave;
"But nought distinct they see:
"Wide raged the battle on the plain;
"Spears shook, and faulchions flashed amain;
"Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
"Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again
"Wild and disorderly.
"Amid the scene of tumult, high
"They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly;
"And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
"And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
"Still bear them bravely in the fight;
"Although against them come
"Of gallant Gordons many a one,
"And many a gallant highlandman,
"And many a rugged border-clan,
"With Huntley, and with Home.

"Far on the left, unseen the while,
"Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
"Though there the western mountaineer
"Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
"And flung the feeble targe aside,
"And with both hands the broad-sword plied:
"'Twas vain—But Fortune, on the right,
"With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
"Then fell that spotless banner white,
"The Howard's lion fell;
"Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
"With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
"Around the battle yell.
"The Border Slogan rent the sky:
"A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
"Loud were the clanging blows;
"Advanced,—forced back—now low—now high—
"The pennon sunk and rose;
"As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
"When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
"It wavered mid the foes.
"No longer Blount the view could bear:—
"'By heaven and all its saints! I swear,
"I will not see it lost!
"Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
"May bid your beads, and patter prayer—
"I gallop to the host.'
"And to the fray he rode amain,
"Followed by all the archer train,
"The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
"Made, for a space, an opening large—

" The rescued banner rose,—
" But darkly closed the war around,
" Like pine-tree rooted from the ground,
" It sunk among the foes.
" Then Eustace mounted too;—yet staid,
" As loth to leave the helpless maid,
" When, fast as shaft can fly,
" Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
" The loose rein dangling from his head,
" Housing and saddle bloody red,
" Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;
" And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
" A look and sign to Clara cast,
" To mark he would return in haste,
" Then plung'd into the fight.

" Ask me not what the maiden feels
" Left in that dreadful hour alone:
" Perchance her reason stoops or reels;
" Perchance a courage, not her own,
" Braces her mind to desperate tone.
" The scattered van of England wheels;—
" She only said, as loud in air
" The tumult roared, 'Is Wilton there?'—
" They fly, or, maddened by despair,
" Fight but to die—'Is Wilton there?'—
" With that, straight up the hill there rode
" Two horsemen drenched with gore,
" And in their arms a helpless load,
" A wounded knight they bore.
" His hand still strained the broken brand;
" His arms were smeared with blood and sand,
" Dragged from among the horses' feet,
" With dinted shield and helmet beat,
" The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
" Can that be haughty Marmion!
" Young Blount his armour did unlace,
" And, gazing on his ghastly face,
" Said—'By Saint George, he's gone!
" That spear-wound has our master sped;
" And see the deep cut on his head!
" Good night to Marmion.'—
" 'Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
" He opes his eyes,' said Eustace; 'peace.'

" When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
" Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—
" 'Where's Harry Blount! Fitz-Eustace where?
" Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
" Redeem my pennon—charge again!
" Cry, 'Marmion to the rescue!'—vain!
" Last of my race, on battle plain
" That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
" Yet my last thought is England's:—fly,
" To Dacre bear my signet ring;
" Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
" Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
" Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
" His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
" Edmund is down;—my life is reft;
" The Admiral alone is left.
" Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
" With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
" Full upon Scotland's central host,
" Or victory and England's lost.—
" Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
" Leave Marmion here alone—to die.'—
" They parted, and alone he lay;
" Clare drew her from the sight away,
" Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
" And half he murmured,—'Is there none,
" Of all my halls have nurst,
" Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
" Of blessed water from the spring
" To quench my dying thirst?'

" O woman! in our hours of ease,
" Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
" And variable as the shade
" By the light quivering aspen made;
" When pain and anguish wring the brow,
" A ministering angel thou!—
" Scarce were the piteous accents said
" When with the baron's casque, the maid
" To the nigh streamlet ran:
" Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
" The plaintive voice alone she hears,
" Sees but the dying man.
" She stooped her by the runnel's side,
" But in abhorrence backward drew,
" For, oozing from the mountain's side
" Where raged the war, a dark red tide
" Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
" Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
" A little fountain cell,
" Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
" In a stone bason fell.
" Above, some half-worn letters say,
" *Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray*
" *For the kind soul of Sybil Grey,*
" *Who built this stone and well.*
" She filled the helm, and back she hied,
" And with surprise and joy espied,
" A monk supporting Marmion's head;
" A pious man, whom duty brought
" To dubious verge of battle fought,
" To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

" Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
" And as she stooped his brow to lave—
" 'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
" 'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'
" Then, as remembrance rose—
" Speak not to me of shrift or prayer,
" I must redress her woes.

" Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
" Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!'
" ' Alas!' she said, ' the while,—
" O think of your immortal weal!
" In vain for Constance is your zeal;
" She died at Holy Isle.'
" Lord Marmion started from the ground,
" As light as if he felt no wound.
" Though in the action burst the tide,
" In torrents from his wounded side.
" ' Then it was truth!' he said, ' I knew
" That the dark presage must be true,—
" I would the fiend, to whom belongs
" The vengeance due to all her wrongs
" Would spare me but a day!
" For wasting fire, and dying groan,
" And priests, slain on the altar stone,
" Might bribe him for delay.
" It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
" Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
" And doubly curst my failing brand!
" A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'—
" Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
" Supported by the trembling monk.

" With fruitless labour, Clara bound
" And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
" The monk, with unavailing cares
" Exhausted all the church's prayers;
" Ever, he said, that, close and near,
" A lady's voice was in his ear,
" And that the priest he could not hear,
" For that she ever sung,
" *In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
" *Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the*
" *dying!*
" So the notes rung:
" Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
" Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
" O look, my son, upon yon sign
" Of thy Redeemer's grace divine;
" O think on Faith and bliss!—
" By many a death-bed have I been,
" And many a sinner's parting seen,
" But never aught like this!'
" The war, that for a space did fail,
" Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
" And Stanley! was the cry;
" A light on Marmion's visage spread
" And fired his glazing eye:
" With dying hand, above his head
" He shook the fragment of his blade,
" And shouted ' Victory!'
" ' Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!'
" Were the last words of Marmion.

" By this, though deep the evening fell,
" Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
" For still the Scots, around their king,
" Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.
" Where's now their victor vaward wing,
" Where Hunsley, and where Home?—
" O for a blast of that dread horn,
" On Fontarabian echoes borne,
" That to King Charles did come,
" When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
" And every paladin and peer,
" On Roncesvalles died!
" Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
" To quit the plunder of the slain,
" And turn the doubtful day again,
" While yet on Flodden side,
" Afar, the royal standard flies,
" And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,
" Our Caledonian pride!
" In vain the wish—for far away,
" While spoil and havoc mark their way,
" Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.—
" ' O lady!' cried the monk, ' away!'
" And placed her on her steed;
" And led her to the chapel fair
" Of Tillmouth upon Tweed.
" There all the night they spent in prayer,
" And at the dawn of morning, there
" She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

" But as they left the dark'ning heath,
" More desperate grew the strife of death.
" The English shafts in vollies hailed,
" In headlong charge their horse assailed;
" Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
" To break the Scottish circle deep,
" That fought around their King.
" But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
" Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
" Though bill-men deal the ghastly blow,
" Unbroken was the ring:
" The stubborn spear-men still made good
" Their dark impenetrable wood,
" Each stepping where his comrade stood,
" The instant that he fell.
" No thought was there of dastard flight;—
" Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
" Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
" As fearlessly and well,
" Till utter darkness closed her wing
" O'er their then host and wounded king.

" Then skillful Surrey's sage commands
" Led back from strife his shattered bands;
" And from the charge they drew,
" As mountain waves, from wasted lands,
" Sweep back to ocean blue.
" Then did their loss his foemen know;
" Their king, their lords, their mightiest, low,

" They melted from the field: as snow,
" When streams are swoln, and south-winds
" blow,
" Dissolves in silent dew.
" Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
" While many a broken band,
" Disordered, through her currents dash,
" To gain the Scottish land.
" To town and tower, to down and dale,
" To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
" And raise the universal wail.
" Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
" Shall many an age that wail prolong:
" Still from the sire the son shall hear
" Of the stern strife and carnage drear,
" Of Flodden's fatal field,
" Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
" And broken was her shield!"

We have now quoted or mentioned every thing in the poem which can be said to rise above mediocrity: and while we are eager to do justice to the beauties we have found, we cannot help feeling that they bear but a very, very small proportion to the vast mass of heavy, unprofitable, ungrammatical, and uninteresting matter which composes the greatest part of this quarto volume. It remains for us to give some account of the introductory lines by which each canto is ushered in.

The introductions to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* contained some of the most beautiful passages in the whole volume: and they had that great merit without which an introduction must always be unseasonable, the merit of a relation with the story of the poem. But in the present quarto, the introductions are totally foreign from the story itself: than which there cannot well be a more ridiculous fault. For an introduction at best is but a matter of show: and to make this show a string of extraneous verses was not to render *Marmion* a better poem, but to render the book containing *Marmion* a larger volume. So unconnected an appendage resembles only the pomp of some poor peeress, who wishing to be preceded at court by a handsome train, and having no superfluity of footmen herself, borrows half-a-dozen stout servants of her friends, and sets them to walk in attendance on her chair.

The first introduction is addressed to William Stewart Rose, Esq. Mr. Scott here tells us that his children ask him in winter whether spring will return. Yes, says he, but spring will ever renew to Britain the chiefs she has lost. Then follow lamentations for Lord Nelson, Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Fox. He blesses them in their tombs, and the vision of Westminster Abbey vanishing from his soul, leaves him to muse again on rural scenery.

P. 14, 15.

" The vision of enchantment's past;
" Like frost-work in the morning ray,
" The fancied fabric melts away;
" Each gothic arch, memorial stone,
" And long, dim, lofty aisle are gone,
" And lingering last, deception dear,
" The choir's high sounds die on my ear:
" Now slow return the lowly down,
" The silent pastures, bleak and brown,
" The farm begirt with copsewood wild,
" The gambols of each frolick child,
" Mixing their shrill cries with the tone
" Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

This is exactly the same idea he has expressed in his ballad of *Cadyow Castle*; but he has expressed it much better in the ballad, as will appear from a comparison of the foregoing lines with the two concluding stanzas of this *Cadyow Castle*, which are as follows:

" But see! the minstrel vision fails—
" The glimmering spears are seen no more,
" The shouts of war die on the gales,
" Or sink, in Evan's lonely roar,
" For the loud bugle, pealing high,
" The blackbird whistles down the vale,
" And sunk in wild ruins lie
" The bannered towers of Evandale."

The poet then concludes this introduction by speaking of romance, and his own fondness for writing it. In personifying chivalry, he gives the following lines:

P. 19.

" Around the genius weave their spells
" Pure love, who scarce his passion tells;
" Mystery, half veil'd and half revealed,
" And honour with his spotless shield:
" Attention with fix'd eye: and Fear
" That loves the tale she shrinks to hear:
" And gentle Courtesy: and Faith
" Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death:
" And Valour, lion-mettled lord,
" Leaning upon his own good sword."

Now in this allegorical assemblage there is a great confusion: for some of the abstract qualities here personified, belong to Romance itself, namely, Love, Mystery, Honour, Faith, and Valour; and others are simply the attributes of the listener or reader, namely, Attention and Fear.

The second introduction is addressed to the Rev. John Marriot, M. A. A thorn in Ettricke forest is gifted by the poet with speech,

and relates how bravely the chace once echoed among the shades. Mr. Scott observes that he and Mr. Marriot had hunted very pleasantly too: then laments the absence of a lady who has left the neighbourhood, and of two children that used to ramble with him. Some of the lines hereabouts are a good deal in the *very simple* style that sometimes disgraces the talent of Mr. Wordsworth. A particular train of ideas, says Mr. Scott, often awakes in my mind, by the side of St. Mary's lake: and he proceeds to describe the place. Then the introduction closes, and in the concluding four pages, are some of the silliest and some of the most poetical lines in the whole volume. The silly ones we first transcribe, keeping these which are good for a reward to the patient reader:

P. 69.

" If age had tamed the passion's strife,
" And fate had cut my ties to life,
" Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
" And rear again the chaplain's cell,
" Like that same peaceful hermitage,
" Where Milton longed to spend his age:
" 'Twere sweet to mark the setting day
" On Bourhope's lonely top decay,
" And, as it faint and feeble died,
" On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
" To say, ' Thus pleasures fade away:
" Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
" And leave us dark, forlorn, and *grey*,' "

Pray, reader, observe this notable simile. As the sun fades on the landscape, so the beams of happiness fade on men; the sun-set leaves the landscape dark, and forlorn, and grey: and the failure of youth, talent, and beauty, leaves men metaphorically dark, metaphorically forlorn, but really and physically *grey*. This is surely in the worst taste imaginable, and exactly of a piece with Mr. Mawman's parallel between a man and a river, which was so ingeniously ridiculed some months ago by the Edinburgh Reviewers.

But the lines that follow, though they contain some disagreeable contortions of phraseology, are very true to nature and feeling; they are evidently written on the model of Milton's Penseroso:

P. 69, 70, 71.

" Then gaze on Dryhope's ruined tower,
" And think on Yarrow's faded flower:
" And when that mountain sound I heard
" That bids us be for storm prepared,
" The distant rustling of his wings,
" As up his force the tempest brings,
" 'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
" To sit upon the wizard's grave;
" That wizard priest's, whose bones are thrust
" From company of holy dust;
" On which no sun-beam ever shines—
" So superstition's creed divines,
" Thence view the lake, with sullen roar
" Heave her broad billows to the shore,
" And mark the wild swans mount the gale,
" Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,
" And ever stoop again, to lave
" Their bosoms on the surging wave:
" Then, when against the driving hail
" No longer might my plaid avail,
" Back to my lonely home retire,
" And light my lamp, and trim my fire;
" There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
" Till the wild tale had all its sway,
" And in the bittern's distant shriek
" I heard unearthly voices speak,
" And thought the wizard priest was come,
" To claim again his ancient home!
" And bade my busy fancy range,
" To frame him fitting shape and strange,
" Till from the task my brow I cleared,
" And smiled, to think that I had feared."

The verses prefixed to the third Canto are addressed to William Erskine, Esq. Mr. Erskine is here supposed to reproach Mr. Scott for his rude and rambling style of poetry, and to recommend the study of classical models. Mr. Scott pleads natural inclination and early habit. Many of his verses are good, but his reasoning is very unsatisfactory. There is some particularly pretty imagery in the following lines, with which this introduction opens:

P. 117, 118.

" Like April morning clouds, that pass,
" With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
" And imitate, on field and furrow,
" Life's chequered scene of joy and sorrow:
" Like streamlet of the mountain north,
" Now in a torrent racing forth,
" Now winding slow its silver train,
" And almost slumbering on the plain:
" Like breezes of the autumn day,
" Whose voice inconstant dies away,
" And ever swells again as fast,
" When the ear deems its murmur past;
" Thus various, my romantic theme
" Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream.
" Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
" Of light and shade's inconstant race,
" Pleas'd views the rivulet afar
" Weaving its maze irregular;

" And pleas'd, we listen, as the breeze
" Heaves its wild sigh through autumn trees,
" Then wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
" Flow on, flow unconfined, my tale."

The idea of the lines, in which Mr. Erskine advises the unwilling poet to sing the heroes of his country, is probably borrowed from Horace's " *Scriberis Vario fortis:*" the most spirited passage is that which indicates Sir Sidney Smith and General Abercrombie:

P. 121, 122.

" Or of the Red-cross hero teach,
" Dauntless in dungeon as on breach:
" Alike to him the sea, the shore,
" The brand, the bridle, or the oar:
" Alike to him the war that calls
" Its votaries to the shattered walls,
" Which the grim Turk besmeared with blood,
" Against the Invincible made good;
" Or that whose thundering voice could wake
" The silence of the polar lake,
" When stubborn Russ and metal'd Swede
" On the warped wave their death-game played;
" Or that where vengeance and affright
" Howled round the father of the fight,
" Who snatched on Alexandria's sand
" The conqueror's wreath with dying hand."

After speaking of his own nature and education, Mr. Scott concludes:

P. 129.

" From me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask
" The classic poet's well-conned task?
" Nay, Erskine, nay—on the wild hill
" Let the wild heath bell flourish still;
" Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
" But freely let the woodbine twine,
" And leave untrimmed the eglantine;
" Nay, my friend, nay—since oft thy praise
" Hath given fresh vigour to my lays,
" Since oft thy judgment could refine
" My flattered thought or cumbrous line,
" Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
" And in the minstrel spare the friend,
" Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
" Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale."

Upon the acceptation of this passage, the fame of Mr. Scott must almost entirely depend. We confess ourselves quite of Mr. Erskine's opinion, though we have carefully attended to Mr. Scott's apology. We are eager to acknowledge the merits of this poet: but the more we admire his beauties, the less we can excuse his faults. A man of small capacity may flaunt in his little prettinesses, and procure forgiveness for his insignificant peccadilloes; but Mr. Scott has acquired too much fame, and, indeed, has deserved too much of that fame, to be passed in silence by the critic. When petty poets write ill, they do no harm but to their publishers; but when Mr. Scott writes ill, he does harm to our language. Imitators, who cannot reach his poetry, can reach his style; and while they fail to remind us of his perfections, contrive to perpetuate his errors. If Dr. Darwin, by the luxurious delicacy of his refinement, has contributed to render the English language too nice and too gaudy, what injury must be effected by Mr. Scott, who encourages it to be barbarous and mean! Let him not imagine that the powers which he possesses by nature, excuse him from the employment of art: let him not, confiding in his talents, as rich blockheads do in their purses, exclaim, " Such men as I " am have no occasion for study." He stands upon an eminence where he is eagerly examined: his very greatness creates the necessity of his becoming greater. He tells us that he would flourish as a " wild heath-bell on the " wild hill." If he were, indeed, flourishing on a wild hill, he might remain a wild heath-bell; but he has entered the richest soil. He is not a poet, who confines his lays to simple ears; he publishes in all the splendour of woven paper, and all the majesty of quarto. He writes a book which is circulated at an enormous price; and can he then be called a poet for ordinary purchasers? No: he writes for the most polished readers, and he ought to write in the most polished style, so that flourishing on no wild hill, he is not excusable when he appears to be nothing better than a wild flower. A wild-flower, when properly trained, may become the brightest ornament of the garden; and we cannot but lament when we see rough and rugged, thin in foliage, and uncertain in colour, those stems and blossoms, which, duly cultured, might rise in smooth and regular luxuriance, swelling in the abundance of their leaves, and brilliant in the richness of their hues.

This very introduction contains a confusion nearly approaching a bull, if it be not one in fact:

P. 126.

" I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade,
" The sun in all his round surveyed."

What sort of shade is that which is surveyed by the sun?

The introduction addressed to James Skene, Esq. which precedes the fourth Canto, is a most desultory work. It contains some com-

mon place reflections on the mutability of human affairs, a lamentation for the death of Mr. Skene's lady, a recapitulation of the pleasant days Mr. Scott and Mr. Skene spent together a dozen years ago, and a description of a shepherd lost in a snow-storm. This last subject, the reader will remember had already been treated by Thompson in "*The Seasons.*"

The fifth introduction is addressed to George Ellis, Esq. It exhibits a succession of rambling allusions to old romances. The passage in which Edinburgh is described as disincumbered of her fortifications, is happily, though not quite correctly, expressed:

P. 230.

"Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow,
"Dun Edin! O how altered now,
"When, safe amid thy mountain court,
"Thou sitst, like Empress at her sport,
"And liberal, unconfined, and free,
"Flinging thy white arms to the sea,
"For thy dark cloud, with umbered lower,
"That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower,
"Though gleam'st against the western ray,
"Ten thousand lines of brighter day."

In a note the poet acknowledges a coincidence between this passage and the following stanza in a chorus of "*Caractacus:*"

"Britain heard the descant bold,
"She flung her white arms o'er the sea,
"Proud in her leafy bosom to enfold
"The freight of harmony.

The last introductory lines, addressed to Richard Heber, Esq. are descriptive of Christmas, and a very dull vulgar old ballad-like sort of description they give. They then call Mr. Heber's attention from his classic studies to the goblin lore of our poet.

The notes are voluminous. We have a great objection to a load of notes. For occasional poems, indeed, explanations are necessary, and to these poems of a historical cast, a few references may fairly be permitted: but a hundred and thirty-six quarto pages of notes are rather more than the most indulgent critic can allow. Mr. Scott makes up a couple of pages in one place by an extract from Dryden's Essay on Satire; in another place, a page by Perkin Warbeck's story, and by a speech in Ford's Dramatic Chronicle of Perkin Warbeck; in another place, a page about his own grandfather inviting somebody to dinner; and in another, four pages about an old woman, and a silly Northumbrian ballad, that she used to repeat. He gives among these notes, a ballad of his own too, called *The Spirit's blasted tree.* We see no merit in it. The rest of the notes are almost uniformly dull and needless.

And now we have concluded the long task of describing and criticising the *Marmion* of Mr. Scott. We have abstracted his story, we have descanted upon his powers and his style, we have given specimens of his defects, and extracted almost every passage that deserves admiration. At last we repeat, that his poetry is not of the noblest species. Mr. Scott paints little else than external nature: an author who hopes to rank in the first class, must look beyond the outward appearances of things. The descriptive writer may produce our pleasure: but the moral writer alone can extort our admiration. The poet of mind must be placed above the poet of matter: and the unqualified homage of enlightened critics must be paid only to genius of the highest order.

Horatius.

FINE ARTS.

No. II.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

FROM the age of Titus until the commencement of the last century, history affords us no specific mention of these cities, nor was it supposed that any of the succeeding generations had made any attempts at clearing them away, until some circumstances, which we shall notice in their place, afforded irrefragable proof of such an attempt having been made, although no account of it is presented in the records of antiquity. After that decisive eruption which involved them in one common ruin, several others took place, which, either by their torrents of lava, or their showers of ashes, gradually accumulated a thicker crust over these

interesting remains; none, however, were of any great consequence until the year 1631, when Vesuvius, as if tired of its long tranquillity, vomited forth fire and destruction on all the surrounding country, leaving behind marks of its fury, which are visible to the present day. The vast explosions of red hot stones, and other substances, burnt up and destroyed the neighbouring villages and vineyards, and carried destruction for many miles around; seven villages were entirely overwhelmed by the liquid fire, and upwards of ten thousand people perished, either in the flames, or suffocated by the showers of burning cinders. Since that time, although the eruptions have been more frequent, yet they have been less awful in their consequences; although the one of 1730 made a considerable alteration in the summit of Vesuvius itself. Upon the whole, since its destruction in 79, six and twenty strata of lava and cinders have thus been accumulated, so that Herculaneum is eighty feet below the level of Portici; a small part of it, however, was ruined by the lava, the rest is filled up with the cinders which accompanied the eruption, and which are now consolidated to a hard substance like a cement, forming one solid mass, so that not only the streets, but also the houses, are obliged to be cleared of this matter before they can be entered; these substances, however, have not damaged either the statues or the paintings, but forming *moulds*, as it were, over and around them, have perhaps saved them from destruction.

In the year 1706, Emanuel, prince d'Elbeuf, of the house of Lorraine, commanded the imperial army, which was ordered to Naples, against Philip the Fifth of Spain; and having, in 1713, married a daughter of the Prince of Salsa, he was induced to settle in the Neapolitan territories: wishing for a country villa, he determined to build one at Portici, on the coast, and about the year 1720 purchased some marbles and other valuable fragments, from a farmer, who had found them whilst digging some drains in his fields. The prince immediately bought the ground from the farmer, and set some people to work upon it: his search was soon repaid by the acquisition of fragments of marble, broken pieces of columns, and some statues of Grecian workmanship. The labourers pursuing their search discovered many columns of alabaster highly wrought, and several statues of great value, some of which the Prince d'Elbeuf presented to Prince Eugene of Savoy, who sent them to Vienna. To these discoveries succeeded a large quantity of African marble; and these antique riches being much talked of, and of course exaggerated, opened the eyes of the Neapolitan government, who, jealous of an individual being the possessor of such wealth, ordered the excavation to be suspended. The King of Naples, a short time after, determined to pursue with vigour the attempts so auspiciously begun, and the almost immediate success surpassed the most buoyant expectation. The ground being dug, by his orders, to the depth of eighty feet, they discovered, at length, the pavement of an entire city, buried under Portici and Resinæ, two contiguous villages, six miles distant from Naples, and lying between Vesuvius and the sea shore. Some supposed it to be Pompeii, but several inscriptions being dug up, they no longer doubted of its being Herculaneum; and the excavations being farther extended, they soon collected such a number of antique specimens, as to form for the King of Naples a museum, such as no other prince in the world could *at that time* produce: the ravages and robberies of France, have, however, at the present day, *removed* all the most portable to Paris. The ground thus opened under Portici has been a never failing source of gratification to the cognoscenti, and, at the first discovery, operated like wildfire on the imaginations of the literati of that day, as being so complete an elucidation of ancient manners and customs, and serving, in many instances, to explain difficult and obscure passages, both in the poets and in the prose writings of antiquity. Several statues were discovered, principally of the family of Balba, and the explorers soon opened a theatre, which, from its elegance of form, and richness of execution, was supposed to be of Grecian workmanship: it was coated with the finest marbles, supported by columns of the most harmonious proportions, and decorated with statues of inestimable value, the greater part standing in their places, and all in such high preservation, that the *tout ensemble* might have been easily restored to its original order and perfection, but the people engaged in the interesting work unfortunately contented themselves with despoiling this theatre of its richest ornaments, leaving only the shell to gratify the curious traveller. Extending their researches along what appeared to be a principal street, they discovered three public edifices, two of them were small, contiguous to each other, and supposed to be temples; the largest, which was on the opposite side of the street, at a distance of thirty-six feet, appeared to have been a forum. This street was laid out in an exact line, with a raised footpath on each side, and the pavement so much resembling that of Na-

ples, that there was no doubt it had been supplied from the lava of some antecedent eruption. They now pursued their researches with redoubled vigour, and soon arrived at a very thick wall, ornamented with pedestals at equal distances. Having sought a long time in vain for an entrance, they became wearied of their fruitless labour, and after some difficulty succeeded in breaking through the wall, when they found themselves in a large funeral vault. Against each of the longest sides of this vault, were placed three short square columns, something resembling buttresses, flat at the top, and about three feet in heighth; at one end were two pillars of the same form and size; and one pillar at the other, close to which was a small staircase, by which the vault had been entered from above. In each of these columns was a niche, formed like a hollow cylinder, and arched at the top; and in each of these was an urn, in shape resembling a china jar, with a pyramidal cover; each of these urns was filled with the funeral ashes, and the names of the deceased were faintly written with red paint, over the niches in which their respective urns were placed. The inside workmanship of the vault was extremely plain, without either stucco or marble, and the joints of the bricks were easily ascertained; but the staircase, which was still entire, led them to an edifice of great beauty and magnificence. The architecture of the outside was of exquisite taste and execution; and the inside, as far as they could clear it away, appeared completely in unison with it. The walls were covered with paintings and the different statues, seals, lamps, &c. shewed it to have been the residence of opulence and luxury. It has been noticed (by the learned *Camillo Paderni*, who was on the spot) as extremely remarkable with respect to all the edifices of this subterranean city, that part of them appeared to have suffered from some violent shock of an earthquake, whilst other parts are fresh, solid, and firm, without the slightest marks of having suffered any concussion. He asserts that many earthen vessels had been found whole, standing in regular order upon ranges of shelves; and he observes, that the covers of the urns in the funeral vault, though they lay as loose tiles, and in fact were little better, yet they were found evidently in that position in which they had been left, by those who deposited them in their respective niches.

Beyond this mansion they traced out a garden, in which were many marble statues of exquisite workmanship, by Greek artists. A few weeks after, they discovered a palace of great magnitude, and in their way to it they entered a large square or forum, adorned on all sides with columns of brick covered with stucco, and having a large bath in the centre; at each corner of the square, they found a marble terminus, and upon each of these was placed a bust of bronze, evidently of the Greek school, as one of them had on it the name of the artist, Apollodorus Archion Athenaios. A small fountain, neatly ornamented, was placed before each terminus, and constructed with great regularity, in the following manner: level with the pavement, was placed a vase to receive the water as it fell from the fountain, and in the centre of this vase was a stand formed of open ballustrade work, supporting another vase of marble, which was square on the outside, but circular within, having something the appearance of a scollop shell. In the centre of this upper vase was the spout to throw up the water, which was supplied by leaden pipes concealed by the rails of the ballustrade.

Whilst pursuing their regular system of excavation, every day presented them with a variety of antiquities; many pieces of Mosaic work were dug up, but the most of them were without design, or any great display of taste, either in the contrast or the association of the tints; but the statues were all exquisite, and those of marble were in high preservation: those of bronze, however, with the exception of a few, were greatly mutilated and defaced. To these we may add a great number of medals, not only of the first emperors, but also of the consular ages; these were in general well preserved, and were of the different metals, as well as of different sizes. The Neapolitan Museum was also enriched by a great variety of lamps, seals, sacrificatory instruments, household furniture, and various implements, some parcels of linen and thread, which, though grown black with age, and almost rotten, yet were sufficiently strong to bear removal. There was also some corn, as well as several loaves of bread, burnt indeed to a cinder, yet still preserving their figure.

It has been generally imagined, that few persons had perished during the destruction of this city, as the number of skeletons found was very small, and not worth noticing, except in two instances. In the first, seventeen were found together under a staircase, where it is supposed they had retired to avoid the showers of burning cinders and scoriæ: the other was that of a child lying on a staircase, and which seemed to have been about five years old: it had a purse in its hand, as appeared from a mould which it had left, strongly marked

in the substance surrounding it, and which also contained the coins with which the purse had been filled. This supposition is more powerfully confirmed, by the circumstance of there being but very few portable things of value, such as gold or silver, being discovered, in any proportion to the size of the city; and as in all eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, it appears that the fiery torrents move but slowly, we may naturally conclude that the inhabitants had sufficient time to escape.

Encouraged by their success at Herculaneum, all the learned world were on tip-toe for further discoveries; and much attention having been paid to the investigation of the ancient history and geography of the cities which had perished together, the government of Naples were induced to employ workmen to search for the City of Pompeii, in that situation where it was supposed to have stood, nor was their search fruitless.

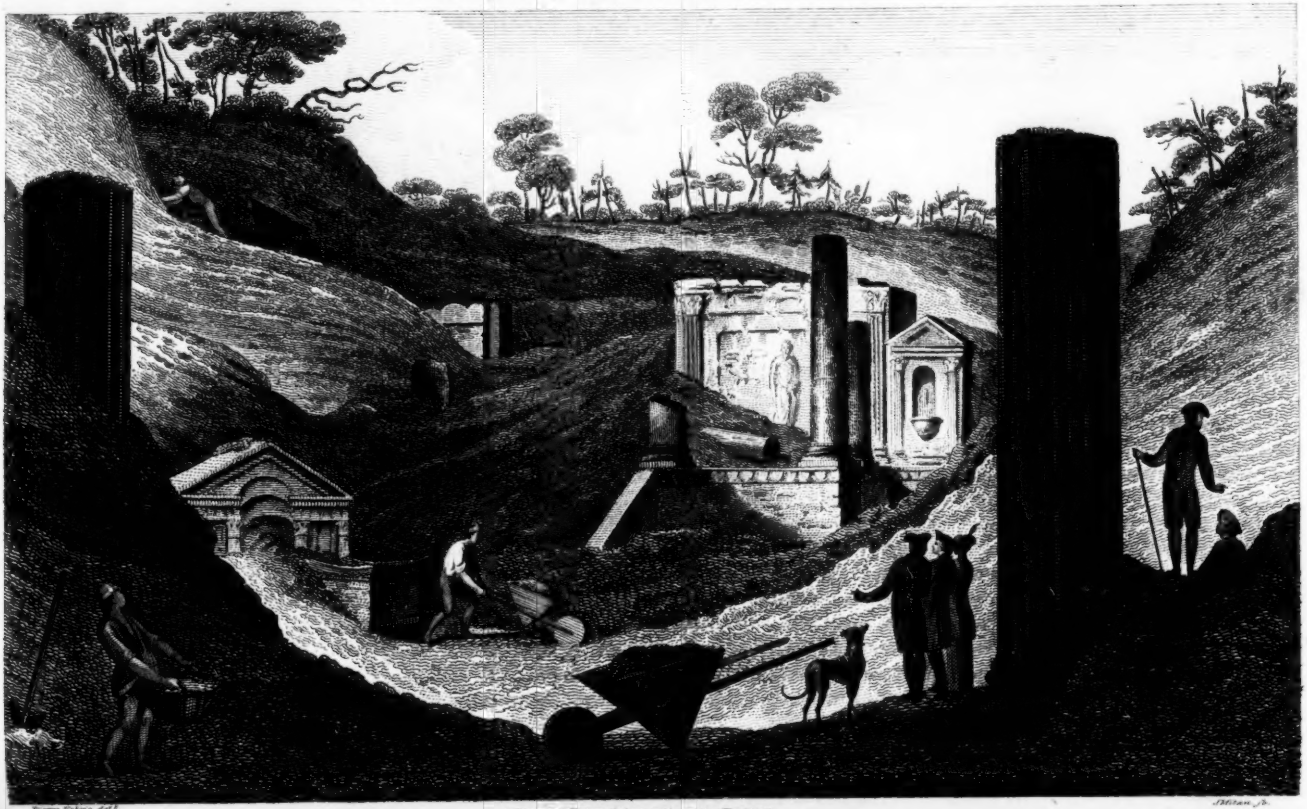
Its situation, a little farther distant than Herculaneum from the mountain, had placed it in some measure, beyond the reach of the lava, but it was covered with an enormous quantity of ashes, in which it had remained buried for ages; and after digging in these ashes to the depth of twenty feet, or a little more in some places, they have been enabled to bring to the light of day the greatest part of its houses, its temples, and other different public edifices.

On their first attempt, they entered a large street, paved with the lava, like the streets of Herculaneum; on advancing along this street, many shops were discovered, and they arrived at length at a large square, the interior of which was surrounded by a colonnade of massy grandeur, whilst the outer part consisted of apartments ranged like cells, and which are generally supposed by antiquaries to have been the quarters of the Roman garrison. The roof of these buildings was nearly entire, and a deep gutter, formed of burnt tiles, extended along the flat roofs of the houses, which, being considerably higher than the colonnade, formed a kind of cloister or piazza, as a shelter both from the sun and rain. The pillars were formed of a thin stone like slate, and all the decorations were of the Doric order, being either formed of, or covered over with a thick plaister, in some places deeply tinged with a bright red, in others of a pure white, and having both its colour and polish extremely well preserved. Near this were the ruins of a large theatre, and in many places were inscriptions in good preservation; some of these were extremely curious, one of which, for the amusement of our readers, we shall give entire, as it marks the luxury of that age more strongly than the writings of a thousand satirists.

"To be let at the villa of Julia Felix, "daughter of Spurius, a bath, with ninety "arbours, and trelliced summer alcoves; also "several halls; for the space of five years, "from the 1st to the 6th of the ides of August. "Those who do not know the mistress of the "house may apply to Suetius Verus, the "Ædile." There were several other conveniences mentioned, among which was a *venerium*; and as the good lady referred her customers to the Edile, we may presume that every thing was under the police, *selon le regle*.

It was supposed that the inhabitants of Pompeii must have had sufficient time to save themselves and their furniture, at least that part which was portable; as it appears that the city was destroyed, or rather overwhelmed, by the destruction of the hill at whose foot it was situated, sometime before it was buried under the showers of cinders and scoriæ, because but few bones have been found here, and those perhaps the skeletons of some who were unable to fly; particularly as the bones of persons chained together as prisoners, have been found on breaking into some of the vaults; and in some parts, even in the ashes, which are consolidated by time into a firm substance, some marks of deep footsteps have been discovered.

But the most remarkable object in the ruins of Pompeii is THE TEMPLE OF ISIS, *represented in the accompanying engraving*: in this august specimen of ancient architecture and *mystical* worship, the columns of the body of the edifice remain entire, but half of those which supported the peristyle have fallen down, as well as the capitals and entablature. The front of the peristyle, which was first cleared away, is entire, and forms the principal object in the plate, being reckoned by connoisseurs a *morceau* of architectural elegance. This temple is almost entirely built of brick, but coated with a kind of hard stucco, or artificial stone, much in use amongst the ancients, and the knowledge and use of which has lately been revived amongst the moderns. The style of the architecture is lightly elegant, and free from that massy strength which alone, perhaps, has given durability to those edifices at Rome or Athens, which have been exposed to the pelting of the pitiless storm for so many ages; and the different orders of which it is composed being of small proportions, it preserves a character of simplicity, which, though less imposing than



Pietro Fabris del.t — THE TEMPLE OF ISIS. — Milton sc.

some other remains, as the difference of the impression, more or less great, which architecture makes on the imagination as well as the judgment, depends principally on its greatness and elevation, yet will still be dear to the eye of taste, and be considered as a rare specimen of the *simplex munditiis*, until it falls a prey to the all destroying hand of time.

The worship of the goddess Isis, so long enveloped in mystery and inviolable secrecy, was originally peculiar to Egypt, but being brought from thence into Italy, was adopted by the Romans as a fashionable novelty: the time, however, in which this worship was carried into Greece and Italy, is still uncertain, though Diodorus Siculus says it was introduced into Greece in the time of Alexander the Great; and Apuleius asserts that in the time of Sylla, the College of Isis and her sacred mysteries were first established at Rome; the accounts of it, however, by other writers, clash with these statements, so that we may rather conclude that it was first introduced by private individuals, by means of associations, in which they celebrated those mysteries in secret, a practice which would naturally excite curiosity, and give rise to many fabulous conjectures. In these mysterious meetings they received neophytes, or candidates for initiation, and from what little is known of their ceremonies, and of the different gradations of the initiated, the mysteries of Isis seem to have borne a strong affinity to those of freemasonry at the present day. The ceremonies, and the nocturnal meetings of the worshippers of the Egyptian goddess, soon became objects of suspicion to those who wore the imperial purple, and were conscious it was an usurpation over the rights of Rome, they were therefore forbidden, in the time of the emperors, for many ages; but these orders did not totally prevent the worship; on the contrary, the persecuted became more attached to it, for the mysteries of Isis appear to have existed, though in secret, until the reign of Titus, who gave a general toleration, by which he assisted more to take from their fancied importance, than if he had been less favourable to it.

The temple on being cleared of the rubbish and volcanic matter, was found supplied with the utensils necessary for the celebration of the more general and open ceremonies, the workmen even discovered the skeletons of some of the priests, who had been surprised whilst in the exercise of their functions, by the shower of ashes and scoriæ, which swallowed them up. They found their vestments, the ashes, and even the charcoal on the altars as prepared for sacrifice, the candelebra, a number of lamps, vases for the water of lustration, pateræ for libations, basons to receive the blood of the sacrifices, a *lectisternium* or couch, on which they placed the statue of the goddess during the offerings, some ornaments of the purificatory sculptured in stucco, and all around the attributes of the goddess. They also found ibises, the hippopotamos, the lotus, of which many utensils took the form, and all these objects became more interesting as they were found in their places, in the place even where they were used, and as this place so happily discovered, in almost perfect preservation, offers to our sight those things so long mysteriously concealed, attests their use and employ, and proves their reality. On the walls of the temple were painted emblems of the worship, with representations of the priests in their sacred vestments of the purest white; the heads of the priests were shaved, and their feet were covered with thin shoes, through which the anatomical form of the foot was distinctly visible. They admitted, without doubt, other divinities into this temple of the foreign goddess, for here were found statues of Bacchus, Venus, and Priapus; the most of these statues were of wood, but the heads and hands were of marble.

Conjecture has long been at work to ascertain in what consisted the mysterious part of the ceremonials of Isis; yet although it was the most extended, and the most celebrated of all the forms of antiquity, and was even called, by way of excellence, "The Worship;" all that is positively known simply amounts to this, that the greatest purity of life and the strictest regularity of conduct, was required of those who were candidates for admission to its *greatest* mysteries. This is the idea of it, handed down to us by Plutarch, who has written a specific treatise on it, under the title of Isis and Osiris, as well as by many other ancient authors, and above all by Apuleius, who tells us in his metamorphosis, that he had been initiated, and had assisted at the celebration many times. That which appears most probable, from all the details which we can collect, of the Egyptian mode of worship, and from the veneration in which it was held, not only at Rome, but over all Italy, is, that it was the Deity himself, the Supreme Being, to whom it was addressed, and that all the names of Isis, Osiris, Apis, Serapis, &c. were nothing more than different emblems of the eternal attributes. Nothing, without doubt, can raise our ideas of it higher than the grand and ele-

vated inscription related by Plutarch, to have been on the temple of Isis, at Says in Egypt; "I am, that which I am, which has been, "which will be, and no mortal has yet with-"drawn my veil!"—Another inscription found at Capua, and described by Grueter, confirms us in the same idea, in giving to Isis the attributes of infinity and ubiquity; "To thee alone, "who art all things, the goddess Isis." It appears that there were different degrees of perfection in the knowledge of this worship itself, of which the *last* formed a complete development of the highest mysteries to which the initiated were only admitted after the most convincing proofs of their being worthy; and these mysteries were performed under all the impressions of silence and secrecy, but the *ordinary* worship was performed in temples like this at Pompeii, and of which the remains are so much more precious at the present day, because it is the only one of all antiquity that has been preserved in the wreck of time.

(To be continued.)

ANNUAL EXHIBITIONS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

NEARLY half a century has now elapsed since royal patronage has condescended not only to *protect* the arts of design and sculpture, but also to *direct* by its taste, and *reward* by its munificence, the various attempts to raise the *British School* to a well-merited place in the gallery of fame. Many of our readers have seen the progressive efforts of a Reynolds and a West, to occupy a station in the fore-ground, whilst these efforts have been agreeably relieved by the bold flights of Opie's native genius, of the creative fancy of a Fuseli, by the graceful expression of a Cosway, and the glowing tints of a Loutherbourg. When to the patronage of royalty we add the enlivening stimulus of public favour, we are not *surprised*, though we feel highly *gratified*, at the *progressive improvement* in the imitative arts, and at the *annual increase* in the number of candidates; and we are happy to say that this fortieth exhibition is not deficient in either of these qualities.

Though criticism, in its original acceptation, has as much reference to a discernment of beauty, as to the discovery of an error, yet from too general usage, and from its greater facility, the latter has usurped the throne, and nearly rendered its empire universal; however, it must still be acknowledged, that there is more friendship in pointing out an *error* with *candour*, than in bestowing even well-merited praise; we shall therefore briefly notice this exhibition in general, and though we regret that our limits are too circumscribed to enumerate its *various beauties*, yet they are sufficiently extensive for the *opposite* analysis.

The venerable president has sent to the exhibition this year a greater number than has been his general custom, yet it is rather strange that the pencil of the *historical* painter to his Majesty should be so much directed towards *landscape*; when we look, however, at his *View on the Avon*, No. 389, and on the *View of Bath*, No. 416, it is pleasing to observe that chaste correctness in the colouring, a thousand times more pleasing than all the meretricious glare of red and yellow, with which a Pindaric son of Apollo has accused him of daubing his canvas. Much difference of opinion has been expressed on the respective merits of his two subjects from the Iliad, No. 63, *Iris commanding Priam to solicit the dead body of his son*, and No. 73, *Thetis presenting the celestial armour to Achilles*. The general character of both these works is grief for the loss of one departed; and in this point of view we do not hesitate to give the preference to the former. It has been remarked of a work whose subject was analogous, that the artist *shewed* his skill in *concealing* the face of the sorrowing father; in like manner, the contemplation of the various effects of sorrow, in the countenances and in the attitudes of Priam and his sons, is infinitely more striking, from the spectator being left to imagine the cause of their emotions, than in the latter, where the sight of the dead body of Patroclus, takes off the attention from Achilles, who is certainly the principal object in the picture. The figures in the latter are also too crowded, and do not progressively form the *parts* of a grand *whole*, as in the other; where if *one* was taken away, the magic illusion, both of the expression and grouping, would be destroyed, so harmoniously are they blended together. In the department of landscape, Loutherbourg, Reinagle, Con-

stable, and many other artists present a pleasing variety. Of Loutherbourg's fancy, in the selection of his subjects, and of his skill in managing the perspective, too much cannot be said, yet a calm observer of *nature*, in her gayest moments, or in her more *sombre* mood, must regret that this esteemed artist should so far depart from the lessons of his mistress, as to deck her out with that glowing costume, which of herself she never wears; if this glare was confined to the horizon, and merely reflected on *some* of the principal objects, its effect might be less inharmonious, but when the darkest shades seem starting through the glow of a furnace, the wearied eye seeks for repose from some milder tints, and *here* it fails with pleasure on No. 51, *Evening Employment at a Cottage Door*, by W. R. Bigg, where the sober grey of twilight is agreeably constrasted by the characteristic expression of the different figures, and by that unity of action which pervades the whole, making every member of the family, as it were, an active agent in the simple employment of the cottager himself, nailing up the luxuriant vine.

In the different productions of classic fancy, we particularly notice No. 98, *Love's Ingratitude*, H. Thomson. The subject from Anacreon has been so often handled, that we despaired of originality, on first observing it in the catalogue, we were, however, most agreeably disappointed, as the artist has caught the most *expressive* moment of the story; the sly urchin is yet *receiving* the tender hospitalities of his fair protectress, and the half-formed idea of the return he was to make for her kindness, seems playing on his countenance in a kind of arch uncertainty, and would relax the features of the gravest spectator into a smile.

Amongst the very few characteristic sketches from the ample domains of Thalia and Melpomene, we cannot pass over a scene in *The Weathercock*, by De Wilde, No. 518, in which the imitative versatility of that judicious actor Bannister, is most happily hit off; the other theatrical subjects are merely portraits, but certainly not undeserving of praise.

The landscapes in water colours in the council-room, antique academy, &c. are equal to any former exhibition, and the library contains its usual quantity of miniatures and enamels; amongst a number of spirited miniatures, we are happy to pay a tribute to modest merit, in noticing Nos. 713, 762, and 793, by Satchwell, which have an ease and expression in their attitudes, not always an accompaniment of portrait painting, as well as much harmony of colouring. The female candidates for graphic fame are numerous, and many deserving of notice, even amongst the *chefs d'œuvre* of the exhibition; particularly No. 182, *A Cottage Door*, by Miss Spilsbury, which has a richness of tint, and a prominence of foreground, which we are happy to see at length adopted by this fair artist; Miss E. Smith has also a number of portraits, but her best work is No. 93, *Sampson and Dalilah*, in which the preternatural strength of Sampson is most happily expressed with anatomical exactness, and pleasingly contrasted by the graceful elegance of Dalilah's figure, whilst her countenance seems deeply impressed with the united workings of shame and sorrow. The exhibitions in Bond-street and Brook-street, certainly both deserve a *niche* in our gallery, but though antecedent in time, being yet subordinate in interest, we shall reserve them, with a general analysis of the art, for our Supplement.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A DOLEFUL DITTY.

NOT ONE GOOD OUT OF SIX.

ATTEND a hapless husband's lay,
Ye bachelors, take warning;
Marriage is like an April day,
That varies all the morning.
And those who oft at marriage rail,
Have licence for their railings;
As April prospect *fully fail*,
So wives are *full* of *failings*.

The first I took was Dolly Dry,
Whom rum would oft make mellow;
And then she always call'd poor I
A *rum*-mish sort of fellow.
But so, her glasses *multiplied*,
Subtracted from long life, her,
That death, our fortunes to *divide*,
Reduced her to a *cypher*.

The next was Polly Tinkatink,
A sad concern I made on't!

She music lov'd; and would you think?
From morn to night she play'd on't!
Such tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee,
I had no peace at home for't!

No friend I had to *comfort* me,
For not a friend would *come for't.*

My next was Polly Pinch; said she,
The flame your bosom suffers;
Extinguish not, but let us be
A loving *pair of snuff—ers.*
Tho' snuff I never could endure,
Her money made me caper;
Both *then*, and also, to be sure,
When death *snuff'd* out her taper.

With Kitty Clack away I ran,
I this was most absurd in;
For when her *clapper* once began,
No soul could *clap* a word in.

In Tom's mill-stream her fate she found,
O! how my bosom trembles!
I sometimes fear she is not drown'd,
Her voice it so resembles.

My next was Lady Betty Bulk,
Alas! my friends soon cut her;
In *utter* silence would she sulk,
And not a word would *utter.*
My fancied prize soon prov'd a blank,
Her pride was my confusion;
I was *deluded* by her *rank*,
O! what a *rank delusion!*

Then Betsey Breakneck took me, ere
The honeymoon was over,
To cover twenty miles—I fear
I never shall *re*-cover.
No caution could her courage check,
We all of us were *in* for't;
I'm *sorry* that she broke her neck,
But *mad* I broke my shin for't.

No more I'll try the marriage state,
No pleasure shall I gain so:
At last I'm happy, thanks to fate!
And long may I remain so!
Tho' Doll and Kate, my Bets, my Polls
Half kill'd me with vexation;
Ten thousand three per cent. consols
They left for—*consol*-ation.
In search of peace, six wives I had,
Sweet peace! I never met her;
Altho' I thought each wife so bad,
The next must sure be better.
Now lame and old, the blame I bear,
To *b'lame** I must consent;
For I, *foul* treatment from the *fair*
Must own *fair pun*-ishment.

* Remember my poor broken shin—ver. 7.

A PRAISE OF HYS LOVE, WHEREIN HE REPROVETH THEM THAT COMPARE THEIR LADIES WITH HIS.

By the romantic HENRY HOWARD, *Earl of Surrey.*

GIVE place ye lovers here before,
That spent your boastes and bragges in vain!
My ladies beuty passeth more
The best of yours I dare well sayne,
Then doth the sunne the caundle-light,
Or bryghtest day the darkest night;
And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fayre;
For what she sayeth ye may trust,
As it by wryghtyng sealed were:
And virtues hath she many moe
Then I with pen have skill to shew.
I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Natures playnt,
When she had lost the perfect moulde,
The like to whome she coulde not paynte;
With wringing hands how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.
I know she swore with raging mynde,
Her kyngdome only set aparte,
There was no losse by law of kynde,
That could have gone so near her hearte;
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She could not make the lyke agayne.
Syth Nature thus gave her the prayse,
To be the chiefest work she wroughte;
In faith methynke some better wayes
On your behalfe myght well be soughte.
Then to compare (as ye have done),
To matche a candle with the sunne.

INCONSTANCY.

BEWARE fond youth the Siren's smiles,
Nor heed her soft seductive art,
For sorrow lurks beneath her wiles,
And falshood rankles at her heart.

Hence treach'rous fair—thou ne'er again
Shall this too tender heart deceive;
Thy gentle smiles, and sighs are vain,
Thy blushing vows I'll ne'er believe.

Ah! why, bewitching fair one, why
Dost thou with deep insidious snare,
Seek first to raise the love-sick sigh,
Then leave the youth to sad despair.

From me, fond youth, this lesson take,
(By hard experience doom'd to prove)
The fickle fair one to forsake,
Ere yet she chain thy heart with love.

CHARLES L.

THE CHURCH YARD.

RETURN'D once again to the home I held dear,
After long years of sorrow had chill'd this sad heart;
I with joy fondly hop'd each friends welcome to share,
And had vow'd never more from their bosoms to part.

But, alas! the sad tale I was destin'd to hear,
Fill'd my soul with alarms, and oppress'd me with woe;
For death, cruel death, had been triumphing there,
And in his dark mansion my friends were laid low.

I stray'd to the Church-yard, and in its deep shade
I sought the sad spot where in peace they repose;
The white slab mark'd the place where their relics were laid,
And my heart sought in tears to disburthen its woes.

The grey twilight of eve had resum'd her mild sway,
And from yonder rude arch-way, the owl took her flight;
The slow sinking sun, bade adieu to the day,
And no murmur disturb'd the deep silence of night.

I sigh'd for the days still to memory dear,
As I trac'd the inscription engrav'd on each stone;
And to friendship's remembrance I shed the warm tear,
When I thought its delights never more would return.

Ah what peace can now visit—this care-harrass'd breast,
Bereft of each joy I do nothing but weep;
Yet one sweet hope remains—that this form soon may rest,
In the welcome embraces of death's tranquil sleep.

PROLOGUE

SUITABLE TO ANY PERFORMANCE AT ANY PRIVATE THEATRE.

HARD is his fare, who on his wit relies;
Whose Tuesday's breakfast Monday night supplies;
Whose wit exceeds the limits of the night,
Proportion'd to the force—of appetite.
Who for a clothing, courts the friendly muse,
Writes songs for stockings, epigrams for shoes;
And to procure a single meal a day,
Must speculate on some unfinish'd play!
For public favour he submissive bends,
His sole dependence on his public friends;
And if of them no credit he obtain,
Again he hies him home, and draws upon his brain.

For us, who feed at plenty's festive board,
By friendship season'd, and by bounty stor'd;
What can I ask? O! dwells there in my breast
One rising hope—a wish yet unpossess'd?
Yes—one ambitious hope, which free from blame
We still may cherish—the pursuit of fame.
Poets and players dramatise or play,
Just for the food, or clothing of the day;
While *those* you favour—do not us condemn,
Fame is to *us*, what clothing is to them;
For *that* alone we join the anxious strife,
As emulation is the soul of life.
To win your smiles, we hasten to our task,
In your kind plaudits give us—all we ask.

OLD NICK TO OBERON,

ON THE DECLARATION * THAT HE SHOULD NOT *NICK* THE HEART OF *PETITA*, THE LITTLE LADY.

SOME hearts may break at ev'ry cross,
But mine is not so brittle,
For I can bear a mighty loss,
And this would be but *little*.
"Her heart thou shalt not *nick*," says he—
By which he means not win it;
But if a woman's heart it be,
He knows the *Devil's in it*.

A *little thing* sha'n't part us, sir,
Then *Oberon*, be civil,
And fear lest thou to vengeance stir
A woman and the Devil!

EPIGRAM,

IN IMITATION OF THE 81ST IN THE 7TH BOOK OF MARTIAL, ON A VERY SLOW BARBER.

WHILST Dick the village barber scrapes your cheek,
And tells a story that would last a week;
His tardy razor glides so very slow,
That ere he's done, *another beard* will grow!

* See Number for March.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

ANOTHER opera has appeared at this theatre, and we are sorry to say that it is the work of Mr. Cumberland. After enjoying for a great number of years a fame, which, if not of the first brilliancy, was in itself sufficiently bright at least to reflect honour on his grey hairs, he at last, with the usual misconception of age, began to aim at a further extension of his reputation, and venturing to fly when his pinions had become too feeble to bear him up, he has fallen, in the opinions of some of his contemporaries, lower than he stood before his rash excursion. We say, in the opinions of some of his contemporaries, because many of the enlightened men even of his own day, and the whole of the succeeding generation, will never hear of his failures: and notwithstanding the unfortunate attempts which he has made in *The Sailor's Daughter*, *The Hint to Husbands*, and the opera of which we are now to speak, he will yet be admired as a dramatist by a fairly judging posterity, for his *West Indian*, his *Jew*, and his *Wheel of Fortune*.

It was on Tuesday the 3d of May, that this opera made its first appearance. It was entitled *The Jew of Mogadore*.

Muley Selim (Prince of Morocco)	Mr. Holland.
Abdallah (an Arabian Chief)	Mr. Raymond.
Hassan (friend of Selim) ...	Mr. Kelly.
Nadab (the Jew of Mogadore)	Mr. Dowton.
Jew Merchant	Mr. Penley.
Giovanni (a Sicilian Captain)	Mr. Braham.
Rooney (an Irish Slave)	Mr. Johnstone.
Zelma (beloved by Selim) ...	Mrs. Mountain.
Lyra (a Slave from Cyprus)	Mrs. Bland.
Mammora (a Portuguese Slave).....	Signora Storace.

This piece is deplorably destitute of fable: or if there be any, it is so entangled in a labyrinth of narration, and so totally unassisted by incident, that it has escaped our utmost vigilance. We were enabled to discern that *Selim* was very much in love with *Zelma*: and what seemed much more extraordinary, was, that he deserved her: for though he could not have been bred up in a school very favourable for the inculcation or developement of moral virtues, yet his merit shone forth like gold brought out of the fire, the more pure after the danger of annihilation that it had undergone. A Moorish Minor is certainly a character more remarkable than natural: for if ever there was a government which made little account of property and life, and reckoned theft and murder venial foibles, perhaps that government has been the government of the Moors. We could not understand that any material obstacles were presented to the passion of the prince, after the moment when *Zelma* came into the possession of *Nadab* who purchased her in the first act, unless perhaps the disapprobation of a cross old gentleman, who never appears indeed, but who is described to be the father of prince *Selim*. But the death of this troublesome person, which happens in the last act, might just as well have happened in the first, and then we need not have had the opera at all. Perhaps Mr. Cumberland, if he should read this last statement, would say—I was obliged to make out my three acts. When a bad author, by way of excuse for the publication of his dullness, said to Voltaire, "*Mais, Monsieur, il me faut vivre:*"—(But, Sir, I must live)—the cynical wit said to him with a shrug: "*Je n'en vois pas la necessité*"—(I don't see the necessity of that). When Mr. Cumberland says he must write, we feel that the necessity is equally ambiguous.

Except *Abdallah* the Arab, and *Hassan* the Moor, all the characters, Jew, Sicilian, Irishman, Cyprian, and Portuguese, appear to depend upon the bounty of *Nadab*. For the inhabitants of all these countries his generous heart is indiscrimately open: and the satisfaction that we feel at the contemplation of so much liberality, is interrupted only by the awkward question, What should he do all this for? A Jew among Mahometans, *Nadab* subjects himself to the bitterest persecutions: he is a poor man amid plenty, that his slaves may be free in servitude. So he sets them all at liberty, and they marry, each according to his taste, and the play ends.

Mr. Dowton acted the *Jew* with his usual force of feeling: but he had a part with a great deal to say, and very little to do, which does not shew a good actor to any advantage. The character of *Selim* was perhaps the least tame among the other people of this drama: but it

seems to owe its effect rather to the chaste and yet spirited style in which Mr. Holland performed it, than to any intrinsic merit of its own. Mr. Braham sang charmingly: and probably nothing but his excellence could have prevented the utter condemnation of the piece. The singing of the actor is of a rank much less important than the writing of the author: but that singing, though a light thing in itself, yet like cork, sometimes preserves a very heavy body from going to the bottom.

The music is described in the books and bills to be Mr. Kelly's: and who shall doubt it, when Mr. Kelly says so himself? But, after all, we care little where he gets his music. It generally is very pretty music, perhaps because stolen goods are proverbially sweet, and if it be sweet, that is enough for the audience. If any composer can prove that he has been unfairly deprived by Mr. Kelly, let the public indignation be directed against the plunderer; but if Mr. Kelly have only taken obscure and old subjects that without his assistance might have rested in eternal oblivion, he does a service to the audiences in giving them what is good, and to bad composers in making their few merits public. He acted in a most vehement style in this opera, and seemed determined not to let the music suffer by want of energy in the dialogue. His scarlet waitcoat looked particularly fierce: and when we looked at that, and considered that his music was not past all suspicion of plagiarism, we could not help thinking of a *Robbing Redbreast*.

At last, the play was manfully hissed: but managers do not mind that: they despise the judgment of the audience, and the *Jew of Mogadore* was as usual announced in the play-bills to have succeeded brilliantly. However, this scheme did not answer long: and now we are speaking of the *Jew of Mogadore*, as of a piece no longer in existence. "Its short and sullen "noon is o'er:" and since the winter of old age has fallen upon Mr. Cumberland, let him yield to the season, and no more attempt to dribble forth those few cold drops that he can with difficulty thaw from the ice-chained pool of his imagination.

COVENT GARDEN.

The same evening gave to the public a proof, which was afterwards confirmed by a repetition, that the ancient dramatists have their demerits as well as the modern playwrights. We have never stood up in defence of the faults of modern authors: we have only endeavoured to prove that they have merits as well as defects, and that the ancient authors have defects as well as merits. Of this theory, which has been vehemently attacked by the critics of the present day, in their zeal for the glory of the mighty dead, or rather for the disgrace of the meritorious living, one branch is by the trial of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*, most amply substantiated. All that was good in the *Bonduca* that the managers presented to the audience last month, was the poetry of those choruses that have been engrafted upon Beaumont and Fletcher's original from the *Caractacus* of the poet Mason. A tragedy more void of interesting incident or poetical dialogue, it has not been often our misfortune to witness: and this revival, like other performances on which Mr. Harris has bestowed a great deal of attention, has been as little advantageous to his pocket, as it is little creditable to his taste. We say to *his* pocket, and to *his* taste, because though the piece was ostensibly got up for the benefit of Mr. Cooke, yet in point of fact it was prepared *for the theatre* with great enthusiasm by Mr. Harris. We proceed to give some account of its characters and plot:

Caratach.....Mr. Cooke.
Hengo.....Miss M. Bristow.
Suetonius.....Mr. Murray.
Penius.....Mr. C. Kemble.
Petillius.....Mr. Pope.
Junius.....Mr. Brunton.
Judas.....Mr. Munden.

Bonduca.....Mrs. St. Leger.
First Daughter.....Mrs. H. Johnston.
Second Daughter.....Miss Bristow.

The Roman armies have invaded Great Britain, and are under the command of *Suetonius*. *Caratach* and *Bonduca* head the Britons against the aggressors: but after a great preparation and a solemn sacrifice, are completely routed. *Junius*, one of the Roman chiefs, falls in love with a daughter of *Bonduca*, who, pretending a mutual flame, takes him prisoner in an assignation. *Caratach* enters and releases him. *Penius*, another of the Roman chiefs, having quarrelled with the general and then refused to assist him in fighting against the Britons, kills himself because he sees that his fellow-soldiers have acquired the glory of conquest. We know not whether more to sneer at the outwitted lover, or to ridicule the disappointed warrior. The British chief, *Caratach*, after his defeat, flies to conceal himself among the rocks; and his nephew, *Hengo*, becomes the companion of his departure. But *Bonduca* and her two daughters, like tragic heroines as they

are, receive adversity in a much more pathetic way, and gallantly poison themselves in the face of the Roman army. *Hengo* is shot by a drunken soldier named *Judas*, who is killed by *Caratach*, in revenge for the mischief—then the Romans surround the British chief, and his terms of capitulation are the honourable burial of the boy. To these terms the Romans accede: and *Caratach* is carried to Rome.

Perhaps, if we had more time to acquire an interest in the love affair of *Junius*, there might be some chance of our feeling a concern for him: but really an audience feels little anxiety for the fate of a man who has hardly spoken twenty lines himself, and who has hardly been the subject of twenty lines in the mouth of any body else. Perhaps too we might be sorry for the mortification of *Penius*, if we had time to contract any sort of regard for him: but nobody ever yet felt an attachment or interest for a stranger just introduced to him, a person unknown alike by fame or person, unless, indeed, the ladies in the burlesque German play, who meet at an inn, and are so much pleased with each other in the interval between their entrance and the arrival of supper, that one of them exclaims in the fullness of her heart: "A sudden thought strikes me: let us swear "an eternal friendship!" Beaumont and Fletcher should have known that audiences are not so ready to swear eternal friendships.

Caratach and *Bonduca*, the two principal parts, were very indifferently represented. Mr. Cooke, who shines in strokes of sarcasm, does not appear to advantage in characters of generous candour: and the romantic and almost unnatural generosity of *Caratach*, which wants all the art of the actor in order to be tolerably pleasing on the stage, becomes completely ridiculous in the hands of Mr. Cooke. Mr. Cooke makes the British hero act not only with a generosity destitute of motive, but with a generosity destitute of grace. *Caratach* should be played with the heroic charm and ardent simplicity of *Rolla*: not with the acrimony of *Shylock*, nor the cunning of *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*. Mr. Cooke is a delightful comedian, and it is a pity that he ever plays any thing except comedy: but if he is to play tragedy, we beseech him not to intersperse his tragedy with the drollery of Scottish comedy. *Bonduca*, as performed by Mrs. St. Leger, looked too like what a savage queen probably was in reality, to be like what a savage queen ought to be upon the stage. Her dress was very wild: but we observed more of that wildness which is but disorderly, than of that wildness which is picturesque.

Mr. Pope's *Petillius* was good, for it was lively and easy: Mr. Munden's *Judas* was good, for it was vulgar and drunken. But Mr. Munden has the happy art of turning base metals into gold, and rendering even vulgarity and drunkenness agreeable in dramatic representation. He knows exactly how far the nature of man may be lowered without approximating too nearly to the nature of the brutes: he paints her where she diverts by her humility, without dipping his pencil in those glaring colours which make her disgust by her degeneracy.—Mr. C. Kemble's *Penius* was not bad; but in the nature of things it could not be very good. *Penius* is too dull a character. A little pitiable sorrow helps a scene extremely: but a great weight of sorrow that is not pitiable operates but to injure the general effect. Ballast makes a vessel sail steadily: but fill a whole ship with stones, and it will quickly sink.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY, 1808.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

SPAIN.—The events which have succeeded each other, with such unexampled rapidity in this ill-fated country (once the seat of all the courtesies and all the gallantry of an age of chivalry), have for the last month bid defiance to all rational conjecture, and indeed in this era of revolutions, seem scarcely to have excited any interest in any part of Europe. In that short space we have seen the threatened visit of the French ruler to Madrid, terminating even at his own frontier town of Bayonne; we have seen a powerful favourite hurled headlong from his high station, a King dethroned by his son, and immediately after both these monarchs, with the disgraced favourite, all crouching at the throne of a foreign usurper. The whole progress of these events is as inexplicable as the consequences of them must still be, consequences entirely depended on the will of Bonaparte, and on which he himself is perhaps yet undecided. The advices, however, received from Spain, whilst this sheet is preparing for the press, seem to indicate, that the

Spanish people, at least the inhabitants of the capital, are not disposed to submit so tamely to foreign despotism as their degenerate rulers, yet what avails resistance, when a numerous army is ready to pour in upon them, in addition to that which already possesses the strongest places in the kingdom, and when even the Prince, from whom they expected a steady conduct and a cool heroism, has resigned the station to which he was called, and that even without a stipulation in favour of those whose hatred to foreign influence it would appear had placed him on the throne. In the present state of affairs we are rather disposed to lament than to rejoice in the temporary resistance of the populace to their invaders, as it will only furnish a plausible pretence to these modern Goths for military execution and military rescription.

UNITED STATES.—The protracted negociations with America seem as far from a settlement as ever, though the reports of the last week hint at an ultimatum from our Government to the American Minister. That to place America on the most favoured footing, and at the same time to preserve our own claims will be the ultimatum is not at all unlikely, yet in this there is no novelty, and though already offered, it has failed to conciliate the ruling powers across the water. The agents so lately arrived have again returned, and it is most likely that on their arrival at Washington accounts will also have been forwarded of the new aggression of Bonaparte on American commerce, by detaining all American ships on pretence of assisting the President's embargo. Intelligence of this nature, with the distresses naturally resulting from the embargo at home, we should hope will open the eyes of all men in that country to their true interest, and that they will feel as they ought to do, that a non-importation act and an embargo, though certainly hurtful to this country, must in the end prove their own destruction; besides all the moderate party there must now be convinced, that however these acts are glossed over by the President, as acts of impartial neutrality, yet still they are hostile only to that country, without whose assistance America would soon be a province of France.

SWEDEN.—The situation of this country becomes every day more critical, and presents a system of warfare of a kind hitherto unexampled; attacked on her eastern frontier by Russia, the whole of her province of Finland is nearly in the power of the invader, whilst Sweden herself on her western frontier, becomes the assailant, and has entered Norway with her forces. It seems strange at first sight, that having troops to spare for the purpose of attack, she should have sent no assistance to Admiral Cronstedt, her commander in Finland, to enable him, if not to preserve Sweaborg, at least to prolong its defence; however, it may be that the navigation of the gulph of Bothnia, is not sufficiently open for warlike operations, and that the difficulty of sending reinforcements by land, *round the Gulph*, amounts to a degree of impracticability; if this indeed is the case, the difficulties of *Sweden* would be doubled to *Russia*, and therefore feeling no immediate danger for her own *proper frontier*, on that side, she may have resigned Finland for the present as incapable of defence, and made her advances into Norway for the purpose of co-operating with the forces which have already sailed from England to her assistance.

The Swedes on their entrance into Norway, met with little opposition, except from the rocks, torrents, and forests, which separate the two countries; some resistance, however, has since been made to their advanced parties, in which the Norwegians have gained some advantages; it is to be hoped, however, that the speedy occupation of Christiansand, Frederickshal, and the other southern ports of Norway by a British force, will enable Sweden not only to preserve her footing in Norway, but also that we shall soon hear of some decisive operations on the side of Finland.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

The opening of Parliament after the recess, has given opportunities of extended discussion, though little important has yet been done; the Local Militia Bill makes less noise out of the House than in it; indeed the people of this country have had such a variety of plans for national defence, almost as many as France herself can boast of *Constitutions*: so many Armies of Reserve, so many Training Bills, so much talk of levies *en masse*, and of armed Peasantries, of Parish Bills and Local Militias, that honest John sits down very contentedly, well knowing that the formidable idea of a *recruiting serjeant*, or *a drill constable*, is but a bugbear to frighten children, and that the magic wand of some financiering *Mother Goose*, will soon metamorphose this bug-a-boo into the better-known and well-accustomed shape of a tax-gatherer, who will ask John for his fine, instead of presenting him with a musquet.—Midst all this apparent alarm, this apparent preparation, our funds keep up in a manner unexpected, 'tis true that the present confined

state of our commercial speculations has thrown much money into the market, which operates in some degree, but this cannot be the sole cause, there must be a confidence as well as a glut of capital, and this confidence, is certainly strongly supported by the sinking fund; how far the new measure of granting annuities on this fund, for the liquidation of the national debt, will operate either politically or morally, is yet a matter of extreme doubt; and though it does not trench on the principle of the system, it is certainly in some measure a departure from the strict letter of the plan, an objection which, if there was no other, will, we hope, weigh strongly with the Treasury, the proper guardians of the system, so as to prevent even a nominal innovation, unless for some real and apparent benefit, not only to the nation at large, but also to the fund itself.

The so much talked of Rochefort squadron has at last been found out in the Mediterranean, where, after a junction with that from Toulon, it has made some useless parade, and then returned to the latter port; this concentration of the marine force of France, is, however, nothing to be dreaded in that quarter, as we have a sufficient squadron there to cope with it, and it is now more easily watched than if engaged in predatory excursions, or scattered in small squadrons, playing hide and seek amongst the numerous islands, and tortuous windings of the Mediterranean.

In the West Indies, two small islands have been captured, which, however, have no advantages except from their local situation, as by our occupation of them, it will be more difficult for the enemies privateers to get their captures safe into port. Marie Galante was so much in the fair way for Guadaloupe, that privateers, when close chased, could always find security inside the coral reefs on the lee side of the island; but as to colonial advantages, it has none which we at present require, raising nothing but a little coffee and cotton. Deseada is a mere rock, with very few inhabitants, and as all its defences have been destroyed, and its population has taken oaths of neutrality, it ceases to be an object of any consequence either to us or the enemy.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House met on the 28th of April (Thursday) when Lord Haykesbury presented lists of the Danish shipping detained; Lord Sidmouth objected to these as not being sufficient. He should, in consequence, move an address for the copies of all instructions issued for the detension of Danish shipping.

Monday, May 2, Lord Ellenborough brought in a Bill for the Relief of Persons confined for Small Debts. The Noble Lord observed, that it was never intended by the constitution of this country, that an unfortunate debtor should be imprisoned all his life time, or that the power of inflicting punishment should exceed the quantum of offence, whether criminal or civil. He admitted that his measure might appear to trench upon the law of the land, yet still he hoped it would prove ultimately beneficial to the creditor, as well as to the honest well meaning debtor. His proposition was, that every person who shall have been in execution during twelve months, for a debt, or debts, together with costs, not exceeding in the whole 20*l.* shall be entitled to his discharge, upon proper application; still leaving any future property (with the exception of clothes, bedding, and tools, not exceeding 10*l.*) liable to seizure for the debt.—Ordered.

On Tuesday, Lord Hawkesbury moved the second reading of the Reversion Bill, expressing his approbation of the present one, as contrasted with that which had so recently been rejected. He considered the Bill as regularly arising from the reports of the Committee of Finance; and though it might be supposed that his Majesty's Ministers would not advise the granting of any office in reversion during its inquiries; yet still he thought it adviseable not to leave the matter to their discretion; at the same time he was fully convinced that a measure, like the present, was much more regular and less objectionable in its principle, than any *separate* address from either House of Parliament. Lord Redesdale did *not* feel his objections to the Bill removed in the slightest degree, by what had been adduced by the last speaker; but when he considered the circumstances under which it had been brought forward, and under which it was followed up, he must still look on it as the first step towards a line of innovation, which might lead to the subversion of our present estimable constitution, and to the forming of a republican government on its august ruins.

On Tuesday, the 17th, Lord Sidmouth made his promised motion respecting the Danish Shipping, to address his Majesty against the appropriation of the proceeds: he further contended that it was also contrary to the law of nations, to consider the crews as prisoners of war. The Chancellor admitted in reply, that the laws of nations were eternal and immutable

in their principle, but insisted that the application of that principle must depend on the attendant circumstances. The resolutions were negatived.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The House met after adjournment on Tuesday, April the 26th, Mr. Grant presented a petition from the India Company, praying for a certain sum of money, and moved that it should be referred to the proper Committee now sitting. Mr. M. A. Taylor considered their monopoly as destructive of the spirit of enterprize, and asserted, that although for the last 24 years, their finances had been described as in a prosperous state, yet that it was now known to be the reverse; he, for one, would not consent to take a single shilling from his constituents, as other countries reaped the benefit of the monopoly. Mr. Creevy observed, that last year the Company had borrowed three millions, that now they prayed for two millions and a half; and, doubtless, they would come again for a larger sum next year. He contended that it would be more beneficial to lay open the trade, than to let the Americans run away with the profits, and blamed their large dividends, and the borrowing of money in India as the source of all their evils. The question for reference was carried.

On Wednesday, Mr. Alderman Combe obtained leave to bring in a Bill to prevent child stealing; and on Friday, the 29th of April, 9250*l.* on the motion of Mr. Foster, was granted to the Irish Catholic College of Maynooth, Sir John Newport's amendment for 1300*l.* being negatived, 93 to 58.

On the 2d of May (Monday) Lord Castlereagh having proposed some alterations in the Local Militia Bill, Mr. Whitbread said it was his intention to propose that all persons who were serving by substitute in the Army of Reserve should be exempted from the Local Militia. Sir Francis Burdett, whilst he was desirous of seeing the military strength of the country increased, objected to this Bill, as subjecting the whole country to martial law, and, therefore, as degrading to Englishmen. A long debate ensued, and the Bill was read a second time.

On Monday, May 9, Mr. Calcraft made his promised motion, respecting the alledged neglect in victualling the blockading squadron of Rochfort; and previous to reading his resolutions complained, that although all the papers which had been moved for had not been presented, yet that he had sufficient evidence to prove that the escape of the French squadron was owing to the misconduct of the Admiralty. Mr. Pole, in reply, contended, that our squadron had not raised the blockade from want of provisions, but from stress of weather, and contradicted all the statements of Sir Richard Strachan having been obliged to obtain supplies from the Ferrol squadron. After the reading and comparing of various documents, the resolutions were negatived, 146 to 69.

On Wednesday, Sir Francis Burdett called the attention of the House to the verdict of the King's Bench, obliging him to pay for the erecting of the Westminster hustings, and which he considered as trenching on the privileges of the House; and the Speaker, after some observations, recommended him to wait for any practical consequences which might result from the verdict.

On Thursday, Mr. Palmer's claim, after an opposition from Ministers, was referred to a Committee; and on Friday Mr. Perceval presented his new Annuity Plan to the consideration of the House.

The long expected Carnatic question was introduced on Tuesday, by Sir T. Turton, who took a general view of the conduct of the British Governments in India, from our first interference with the native Princes; with respect to the deposed Nabob, he denied the fact of his being in league with Tippoo against our interests, and declared his firm belief that the Prince had been poisoned, though he confessed his inability to bring any proof of the fact. In reply to these statements, and the resolutions grounded on them, a long defence of the Marquis of Wellesley's conduct was entered into by Mr. Wallace, Sir J. Anstruther, and several other Members, when, on the motion of Mr. Windham, the debate was postponed to the following Tuesday.

On Thursday a long debate took place on referring the Sugar Distillation Report to a Committee of the House; Lord Binning proposed that the restriction should exist no longer than the 1st of October, with a clause, however, permitting his Majesty to continue it, if necessary, as long as thirty days after the next meeting of Parliament. Mr. Coke, and the greater part of the landed interest, resisted the motion, which, however, was carried on a division, by a majority of 14. On Friday, the 20th, Mr. Taylor's motion respecting the affair of the Dardanelles, was negatived without a division, and the House adjourned.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

THE FAUX PAS IN HIGH LIFE.

An event has just taken place in high life, which has excited more interest than we ever recollect any similar occurrence to have produced. The Lady, who was long the envied object of her own, and the toasted *belle* among the other sex, first charmed her seducer, by the exhibition of her picture in the midst of a groupe of portaits of beautiful women, painted on one piece of canvas, expressly for a great personage, by a celebrated Artist. How long the amorous flight was in agitation is not known, but from the preparatory steps taken by the Lady, it is supposed her mind was long since made up. To give facility to her departure, her waiting woman was discharged three days previous to her going off: and all her cloaths were secretly conveyed away. About an hour before Lady B——'s departure, Sir A—P—, (not the Hon. Mr. J——), called at Lord B——'s house, and finding, on enquiry, that the husband was absent, he sent up his name; the servant was desired, after some hesitation, by the Lady, to admit Sir A. Shortly after, a few minutes only, they walked out of the house together. The absence of the Lady did not excite any surprise until the hour of dinner. Lord B. was then much agitated. Lord M——th dined with him, to whom his Lordship communicated his suspicions, after having ascertained that his wife had not been detained at her father's house. The retreat of the fugitives is said to have been discovered by an intercepted letter sent to the discarded waiting-maid, telling her where to go, as her dismission was only a temporary expedient. The maid, in agitation and alarm, carried the letter to the wife's father, but he positively declined to take any part in the unhappy affair. The abode of the lovers is said to be in the vicinity of Portman-square.

On Saturday night, the 7th instant, an infant in a basket, was left at the door of the Marquis of Buckingham, in Pall-mall; to the handle of the basket was a label, in these words, "To the humane care of the Marchioness of "Buckingham." The Marchioness received an anonymous letter on the Wednesday following, from the mother, intreating her not to send it to the parish, but to take care of it, and, in time, a suitable return would be made for her humane attention. The child was neatly dressed, and the mother is supposed to be a person of respectable connections.

In the Consistorial Court, there was a prosecution instituted against the Rev. Francis Stone, Clerk, Rector of Norton, in the county of Essex, on the alleged charges of having preached a Visitation Sermon, in the parish church of Danbury, before the Archdeacon of the diocese, and afterwards printing and publishing the same, in which he denied the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the Divinity of our Lord and Saviour, and the Atonement by the Birth and Death of Christ. Mr. Stone read to the Court a written defence, which occupied nearly two hours time, wherein he endeavoured to shew that he had done no more than fulfilled his engagements with his Ordaining Bishop; that he had conformed to the Church of England as by law established, and that he had not offended against the Statute of the 13th of Elizabeth. The Court (Sir Wm. Scott) was of opinion, that the charges were clearly established, and Mr. Stone was allowed until next Court day to revoke his error, when he addressed the Court at some length, the tenor of which rather affirmed and maintained such doctrine, instead of being a revocation of it. In consequence of which the Bishop of London read the sentence, and signed the same, which deprived the Rev. Mr. Stone of his ecclesiastical preferment.

The Earl of Hardwicke has received a confirmation of the melancholy event of the death of his eldest son, Viscount Royston. Viscount Royston left Ireland about two years ago for the Continent, and was on his return, on the 7th of last month, in the ship Agatha, of Lubeck, when the vessel was wrecked in a storm, not far from Memel, and his Lordship was unfortunately drowned. There is something peculiarly remarkable in the fate of Lord Royston and his companions. This Noble Lord has not been above four years from this country, and not one of those by whom he was accompanied on his departure has survived his fate. His tutor, private secretary, and steward, all died a natural death some time since; and his other attendants, together with the companion of his tour, sunk with him into a watery grave. His Lordship had twice, since he went to the Continent, escaped being drowned. In the course of the last winter he went down in a sledge, and was rescued by a Mr. Poole, who took him out the ice by the hair of his head. Lord Royston was distinguished for great amiability of disposition and activity of mind.

PROVINCIAL VARIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 13.—The Norrisian prize is this year adjudged to Mr. Geo. C. Gorham, of Queen's College, for his essay on Public Worship.—Mr. H. J. Slingsby is admitted a fellow of King's College.

NON-RESIDENT CLERGY.—By the official returns, it appears that the Non-resident Clergy of England, in all the dioceses and classes, amounted for the year 1804-5 to 4,506, 1805-6 to 4,123, 1806-7 to 6,145.

AGRICULTURE.—The Grain of the country having now been nearly thrashed out, its quantities have been ascertained, and a more unproductive year than the last has seldom been known: particularly in regard to Wheat.

VEGETATION.—The progress of vegetation has been so rapid in the present month, that a stem of the Rheum Palmatum, or Turkey Rhubarb, was observed to shoot to the surprising height of 6½ feet since the 1st inst.

PLOUGHING MATCH.—The match for the Premiums of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society took place, at Hunter's Hall, in the parish of Kingscote, Gloucestershire, on the 10th inst. None but the Beverstone ploughs were entered—a strong proof of their superior efficacy. The two horses ploughed half an acre in 2 hours and 28 minutes. That drawn by two oxen obtained the chief prize: they ploughed their half acre in a very superior style, in 3 hours and 14 minutes, making six furroughs (about a mile in the whole) more than their competitors.

SINGULAR ANIMAL.—Farmer Granger, of Westrip, near Corsham, has a calf, now about six weeks old, which has but three legs. The two fore-legs are perfect, but there is only one behind; which, however, serves him to walk with as much freedom as if he possessed the other.

Experiments lately made at Venice shew, that the oil of the Chinese raddish (rasphanus sinensis) is preferable to any other kind known, not only for culinary purposes, and giving light, but also in medicine. From the experiments lately made by Dr. Francis de Oliviero, it is extremely useful in rheumatic and pulmonary affections, and has been employed with much success to convulsive coughs. It is not liable to spoil by keeping, like other oils. The plant is not injured by the strongest frosts. In May and June the seed is gathered, which is very abundant.

A Gentleman of family and fortune at Bath, entertained some time ago a young man in his service, who was seized with a sudden indisposition, which required that he should be immediately bled. Professional assistance was not at hand, and the gentleman who understood phlebotomy, proceeded to bare his arm, when he discovered the initials of his own name, which had been inserted in the manner common among sailors. This brought to his recollection, that, many years ago, a child of his own had been thus marked, before it was entrusted to the care of certain persons in an inferior situation of life; and, upon an inquiry, consequential to this discovery, the gentleman ascertained that the servant was his own son. The master, who has not any other children, has placed the young man in his proper relation, and is likely hereafter to perform the duties of a father.

A single tree, of but moderate size, standing near the house of John Bean, Esq. of Clapham, gives occupancy to 66 couple of rooks, whose nests, it is supposed, contain, at the least, 264 young ones, and whose daily industry, in providing for them, is the admiration of Mr. Bean's family.

The late sale of long-horned cattle, the property of F. N. C. Munday, Esq. of Markeaton, near Derby, was numerously and respectably attended. Seventeen dairy cows fetched 498gs.; six heifers, 142gs.; 7 two-year-old heifers, 127gs; and 6 yearling ditto, 70gs.; the rearing calves from 4 to 17gs. each.

In Wiltshire there has been an increase of 2,000 pieces of broad woollen cloth during the last year; in Yorkshire the decrease in the same period has been 28,245, leaving a balance of 26,245 against the manufacture, exclusive of the falling off of 13,513 pieces in narrow cloths.

The curd of equal parts of milk and vinegar, beaten up with the whites of eggs, and made into a thick paste with sifted quick lime, forms a mastic that when dry will resist both fire and water.

Tuesday, the 10th inst. Mr. Sparks, farmer, near Guildford, Surrey, having 800 sheep together in a field, they were alarmed by a dog, and the whole jumped over the hedge into an adjoining enclosure; in doing which from its great descent, and the sheep following so fast, no less than 123 were killed.

BIRTHS.

The Marchioness of Winchester, of a still-born child.

The Lady of John Thornton, Esq. eldest son of Samuel Thornton, M. P. of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At Surinam, in October last, Chas. Frederici, Esq. son to J. F. Frederici, Esq. late Governor of that Colony, to Miss Van Ommaron, of the same Colony, an agreeable young lady, with a large fortune.

At St. Mary-le-bone church, Lord Viscount Primrose, eldest son of the Earl of Rosebery, to Miss Harriet Bouverie, second daughter of the Hon. Bartholomew Bouverie.

By special licence, at Hagley, by the Rev. George Trevilyan, the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew, of New Cavendish-square, London, and M. P. for Fowey, in Cornwall, to the Hon. Caroline Anne Lyttleton, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Lyttleton, of Hagley, in the county of Worcester.

At Hayes, Major Pilkington, to Miss Gibbs, only daughter of the Attorney General.

The celebrated Scotch *divorcee*, the Countess of Elgin, to Mr. Ferguson, for an attachment to whom, she has, amongst other sacrifices, thus renounced her rank in the peerage.

Lieut.-Col. Byng, of the 3d Guards, to Miss James, second daughter of Sir Walter James, and niece to Earl Camden.

Vice-Admiral Sir John Thomas Duckworth, Bart. to Miss Buller, daughter of the late Dr. Buller, Lord Bishop of Exeter.

At Bath, the Rev. Godfrey Thomas, to Miss Ram, niece to the Earl of Courtown.

In the East Indies, G. Siddons, Esq. son of Mrs. Siddons, to Miss Fonhill.

By special licence, at Hampton Lodge, in Surry, the seat of E. B. Long, Esq. Sir Nelson Rycroft, Bart. to Miss Margaret Mandeville.

At Otley, after a *disconsolate* widowhood of three months, Mr. Geo. Raistrick, of Hawkesworth, aged 78, to Mrs. Mitton, of Burley-wood-head, aged 60, making the fourth visit paid by the husband, and the third by his fair bride, to the altar of Hymen. In compliance with a vulgar notion, that the wife being married in a state of nudity, exonerates her husband from legal obligations to discharge any demands upon her purse, the lady, with much *sang froid*, began to disrobe herself at the altar, and did not desist till her chemise remained her only covering; thus having attained the very summit of the nude *ton*, the marriage ceremony commenced, and it was not until the whole had been deliberately gone through, that the parish sexton, in the capacity of waiting *woman*, began to dress this *blooming* daughter of Eve, and to revive, by the genial heat of warm clothing, that spark of hymeneal fire, which a chilling air and humid atmosphere had nearly extinguished.

DIED.

At the Deanery, Bocking, Suffolk, the Right Hon. and very Reverend Lord Charles Aynsley, only brother of his Grace the Duke of Athol. His Lordship was in his thirty-seventh year, and by his Majesty's permission took the name of Aynsley, on his marriage with Miss Aynsley, of Littlecharle Tower, in Northumberland, by whom he has left a son and two daughters.

At Bath, Mrs. Jeffery, relict of Alderman Hayley, and sister to the late celebrated John Wilkes, Esq.

At her house in Gloucester-place, at an advanced age, Mrs. Elizabeth Cocks, sister to the late, and aunt to the present Lord Somers.

At Streatham, in Surrey, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Hector Mackay.

At Cookhill, in the parish of Inkberrow, Worcestershire, in the 87th year of his age, John Fortescue, Esq. Captain in the Royal Navy; the oldest officer on the superannuated list, and probably the *last* survivor of the memorable crew of the *Centurion*, who accompanied Lord Anson, in his celebrated voyage round the world.

At his house in Scotland Yard, W. Lowndes, Esq. of Chesham, Bucks, one of the Commissioners of Excise; he was the last surviving grandson of the Right Hon. William Lowndes, commonly called Ways and Means Lowndes, Secretary to the Treasury, and M. P. during the reigns of William III. Queen Anne, and King George I.

The Hon. Mrs. Sarah Perceval, wife of the Hon. Edward Perceval, half brother to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

At Birmingham, Mr. John Collins, one of the proprietors of the Birmingham Chronicle, and the facetious author of the *Evening Brush*.

Lately, at Thurnham, in Kent, Mr. S. Jones. He was remarkable for his penurious economy. From the situation of a gentleman's coachman, he rose to the possession of a fortune, and accumulated the sum of 27,000*l.* by denying himself the enjoyments of life. He has bequeathed his property to a number of poor relations, to whom, during his life, he paid no attention.—A niece, with a large family, to whom he left 2000*l.* died at Maidstone on the 11th ult.

KENSINGTON GARDEN DRESSES for June

Engraved exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Library & Fashionable Magazine

FASHIONS FOR JUNE 1808.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Fig. No. 1.—KENSINGTON GARDEN DRESSES.—A rich India muslin dress, with a superb embossed border, worked in floss silk, white or coloured, made short, walking length; high in the neck, and drawn full round the throat with a turban collar falling over; the sleeves are long and full, and confined tight round the wrist; whilst the back of the dress is loose and drawn into the shape. The Arabian Tunic worn with this dress is composed of India shawl-work of a bright primrose, elegantly relieved with a turban trimming wreathed with green sarsnet. The Arabian hat is a graceful *melange* of the turban and gipsey forms, of a delicate straw or chip, confined under the chin, with a bow and tassels of green sarsnet. Gloves straw colour, and half boots of green jane.

Fig. No. 2.—A short train dress of white net, bound with white satin round the bottom: the back of the dress is made square and low as also the front to match, with a deep rich lace falling over; a French body of pink satin, confined close under the bosom; the sleeves are short and full, and bound with white satin to correspond with the bottom; the Catalani tippet of white lace drapery, finished at one end with a rich white lace tassel, is thrown negligently across the shoulder, whilst the other end hangs down plain, and without ornament. The Flora bonnet is made of white chip, trimmed with pink sarsnet and ornamented in front with a bunch of various coloured flowers. Necklaces of emeralds, or imitations of the same, are much worn with this dress; the gloves and shoes are of white kid.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LADIES' DRESSES FOR JUNE.

Inspired by the genial warmth of the season, all the ingenuity of the priestesses of the many-coloured goddess, as well as of her most dashing votaries, has been employed in arranging characteristic novelties for the out-door costume, so as that even the loveliest part of animated nature may acquire new graces, in unison with the health-inspiring atmosphere, and verdant surrounding scenery. As Kensington Gardens are always at this season the grand mark of taste and fashion, we have selected the most strikingly attractive of those costumes which will be the rage for the ensuing month; their form and arrangement we can describe, but to lay down any precise rule for colour would be impossible, for were the goddess Iris, or her sister Flora, to descend amongst their sister goddesses at that vernal resort, they would find they had been robbed not only of their charms, but even of their gayest tints; amongst that variety, however, the cheerful enlivening blue of a summer sky, the pea-green emulative of nature's early hue, the pale pink and straw colour, are the most predominant.

With those who prefer the easy negligence of a pelisse, the Arabian tunic, with a turban trimming, and formed of the lightest India shawl-work of a glowing primrose, sometimes diversified with variegated spots, will be in much estimation for its richness of appearance, whilst its lightness of texture, requires no more exertion from the most delicate promenader, than if a butterfly mistaking her for one of natures fairest flowers, should alight on her to sip forbidden sweets; whilst with those who choose no covering but what can be seen through a laced veil *bears the belle*, whilst each charming *belle bears the veil in graceful negligence.*

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

Fig. No. 1.—MORNING WALKING DRESS.—A dark blue double-breasted coat, with large gilt basket buttons; white India dimity waistcoat and trowsers, and white silk stockings with a narrow clock; shoes with strings.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES FOR JUNE.

The most fashionable coats for Evening still remain dark blues, with full size gilt buttons, and black velvet collars; or forest greens, with buttons covered with cloth, and collars of the same; white waistcoats, and clear light drab kerseymere breeches, with silk strings at the knee.

Light coloured mixtures or drab coats are again resuming their station for Morning Dress, and these are made single-breasted, and, after buttoning on the breast, slope regularly away to the skirts, they are also something shorter in the skirt than the evening coat, have flat plated buttons, and collars of the same; quilting Marseilles waistcoats, single-breasted, in a variety of small stripes on a white ground; white corduroy breeches, made rather long, with pearl buttons at the knees; and boots with brown tops.—White India dimity trowsers; also Nankin trowsers and gaiters. Some few striped trowsers we have seen worn, but they are considered as only adapted for dirty weather, or for wearing at the watering places.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

PUGILISM.—An extraordinary interest had been excited in the sporting world, by the expected match on Tuesday the 10th of May, and a great number of persons had previously left town on Saturday and Sunday, and secured beds and stables on the road, and in all the villages and hamlets between London and Woburn. A crowd, so great and unexpected, pouring down in that direction, excited no little alarm. Some of the ignorant took it into their heads that the French had landed, and that the Londoners were flying to their country friends. The alarm of invasion, however, was transitory, and the people were soon informed of the real cause of all this terrible tumult and uproar. After it was known that the magistrates were determined to prevent the fight, the pugilists, with their friends, sought another spot; and it was fixed that the scene of action should be in Sir John Seabright's park, where a flat spot was selected within the paling in front of the house, and about half a mile from it. It was three o'clock when a ring was formed, by permission, in Sir John's park, and the first exhibition took place between Crib and Horton, amidst a tremendous fall of rain. The combatants entered the ring at the same moment. Before setting-to bets were 5 to 4 on Crib. They were both in fine condition and excellent spirits. This battle extended to 18 rounds, and occupied an hour and 12 minutes. During the whole of the time Crib appeared vastly superior to his antagonist; he was ultimately the conqueror.

GREGSON AND GULLEY.

It is impossible to describe the delight of the spectators on beholding these two champions enter the ring. Although the ground was almost flooded with the rain, the people lay down with the greatest pleasure, and a forty feet ring was soon formed in a complete style. Captain Barclay was the umpire; Harry Lee was second to Gregson, Joe Ward to Gulley. The combatants fought in silk stockings, without shoes, and white breeches. After they had stripped, their great coats were thrown over them to keep off the rain, in expectation that it would soon cease. It soon after became fair. They set to, and the eyes of 7000 spectators were rivetted upon them. They fought 28 rounds, in nearly all of which Gulley had the advantage. The fight lasted 58 minutes, when Gregson was obliged to give in. Gregson had greatly the advantage in stature and appearance, but through the whole of the fight he did not display any improvement in science. At the end of the second round bets were two to one upon Gulley, and they continued to increase. It was allowed that he never shewed so much science. Every amateur present allowed that so much beauty of action was never seen as he displayed in all his attitudes. Gregson was dreadfully punished in the face, being left quite blind. Gulley received some body blows, and one sharp hit on the eye; but he appeared quite gay after the fight, and attended the third match. It is allowed that so much money was never before bet upon a pugilistic fight. After the battle Gulley addressed the ring, and informed them publicly, he was so situated that he never intended to fight again, nor would he have done so in this instance, had he not been bound to comply with Gregson's challenge. He had in this instance fought with a lame arm, and Gregson surely would not desire to combat with him again.

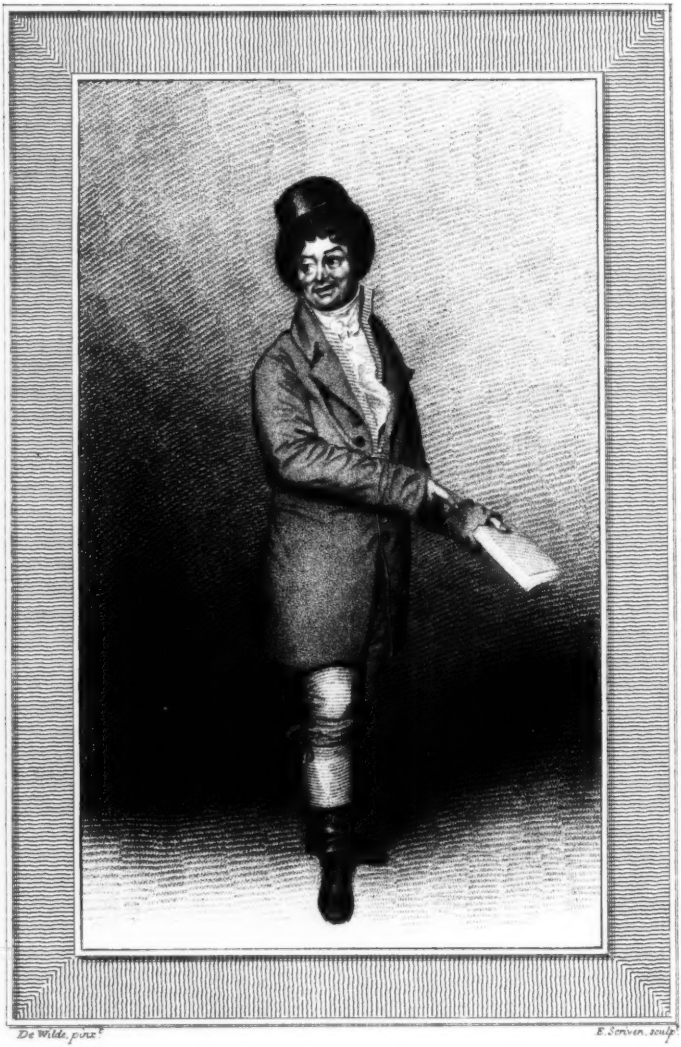
We are informed by a friend who was at the scene of action, that Gulley, though he won easy, bore marks of his adversary's being a most tremendous hitter, as his face appeared much disfigured, considering the few blows he had received. Gregson was in excellent condition for *running*, but it was manifest to the eye, and from his failure in rallying, that he was by far too fine drawn for *fighting*. Gulley, it is known, never was so well to fight, and was in some points bigger on Tuesday than Gregson.

The fight between Dutch Sam and Cropley far exceeded expectation, as the best judges thought Cropley too heavy for his antagonist. The odds were 6 to 4 on Cropley.

A gentleman farmer, near Coupar Angus, Forfarshire, has a tame otter, which has been in a domestic state these two years. This animal is as tame as a dog, and sleeps every night in bed with one of the farmer's sons. He still retains his natural love for fish, and in the day time he frequents a loch in the neighbourhood, in order to find food for himself, but he will come immediately to the house when called by name, and at the desire of any of the family, will suffer himself to be fondled like a dog.

Wood, the celebrated pedestrian, lately ran two miles on the Bayswater road, in nine minutes and fifty-four seconds.

An ass, the property of Mr. Humphreys, of Cambridge, lately started to go eleven miles within the hour. The animal performed it with ease, and had six minutes to spare.



De Wilde. pinx.t E. Scriven. sculp.

Mr. BANNISTER as ECHO.

"I have a collection of trifles here, but I don't know whether I shall publish them."

The World.

London. Published for and by J. B. Bell & J. De Camp, 11. Catherine St. Strand. June. 1. 1798.

DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS

OF EMINENT PERFORMERS.

THE LIFE OF MR. BANNISTER, OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

IT frequently happens that men, who from some irresistable and ancient inclination, or involuntary accident have embraced the profession of the drama, embrace it as a refuge from the evils that are consequent on a rambling life, and as a harbour where the buoyant propensities of their minds may still ride at anchor in no very close confinement. But this hypothesis pre-supposes a rambling in the person embracing the dramatic profession; and such a rambling is usually pregnant with adventures, which if not absolutely interesting, are generally rather amusing. He who contentedly seats himself in his chimney corner, is alike secure from peril and hopeless of adventure; and though the lives of such prudent men very frequently afford matter for such valuable disquisition, they do not often furnish incident for an amusing series of anecdotes.

Mr. Bannister became an actor, not because he had grown weary of other professions; not because other professions had grown weary of him; but because he had from his childhood entertained a partiality for the stage, and had succeeded as an actor even in his childhood. It is therefore to be premised, that his biography will not abound with those marvellous occurrences, which, whether true or false, are perpetually made to diversify the memoirs of other actors, and afford so agreeable a relief to the equal monotony of a quiet life.

The actor who is the subject of these memoirs, was the son of the late Mr. Charles Bannister. This gentleman, both in Drury Lane Theatre, and in the little play-house of the Hay-market, was for so many years an eminent performer, and a favourite of the town. He was employed principally as a singer; and was remarkable for a very fine bass voice, united with a feeling by no means usual in vocal performers. But the truth is, that Mr. Charles Bannister was a man of very extraordinary natural abilities; and, probably, if he had possessed the advantages of classical education and elegant society, would have been a man of the very first-rate wit and talent, though not, perhaps, of the first-rate genius. Even under all the pressure of a profession which must have led him to associate a good deal with the lower musicians; the mere mechanics of the harmonic art; and with all the misfortune of an education and equipment in life, which do not seem to have entitled him to an exalted rank in society, Mr. Charles Bannister was acknowledged, even by men his superior in rank, to be a person of good manners and strong abilities. Of his abilities, at least as a wit, there is scarce indeed a jest-book that does not afford some proof; and when we admit that many jokes may have been fathered on him which he did not make, we do but gain an additional argument in favour of his intellectual powers; because nobody would have attributed jests to him, if he had not been acknowledged as a wit. For although the reputation of genius being the highest reward of intellectual greatness, is beyond the hopes, and, therefore, beyond the jealousy of mankind in general; the reputation of conversational pleasantry, which, though removed above the common reach, yet being less distantly removed than that of genius, seems to every man attainable by himself, and, of course, is by every man grudgingly granted to his neighbour, will always be a glory more difficult of acquisition. Mr. Charles Bannister, though he lived a great deal with a set of men, among whom conversational pleasantry is carried to a height absolutely unpleasant, and who covet the fame of saying smart things so heartily, that their jealousies perpetually realize the metaphor of Gay, and make them absolutely "game-cocks "to one another," yet contrived to acquire, and to retain a very high reputation, as a man of wit. Now it is not to be supposed that a man living in such a set, would have been made the foundling hospital for all stray jokes, if he had not possessed a real wit; unless he were actually so great a blockade, as to be loaded with the honour of jokes merely from his deplorable stupidity; as the witticisms in our common jest-book are attributed to the combined genius and industrious research of one Joseph Miller, who is recorded to have

been the greatest dunce that ever disgraced the greatness of the human intellect. Indeed the imputation of jokes to such a man was in itself a joke: but Mr. Charles Bannister seems to have deserved his fame.

We have been thus prolix in our comments on the intellectual character of the father, because such details are to many persons documents by which they may judge the talent of the son. For our own parts we are not of opinion, that the merits of Mr. John Bannister require any assistance from the fame of his father: that orb which shines in a splendid lustre of its own, needs not to glimmer by the reflected light of a neighbouring luminary. But as the principal object of these memoirs is to convey to the sons and grandsons of those who love the stage as it now stands, some idea of the merits of the performers who chiefly adorn that stage, it cannot be foreign from our principle to communicate such information as we may have been able to collect concerning the progenitors of our heroes, so that our readers hereafter having all the evidence before them, may judge the talents of the actors whom we describe, by a consideration rather of our parts than of our arguments.

" *Fortes creantur fortibus: et bonis*
" *Est in juvensis, est in equis, patrum*
" *Virtus: nec imbellem feroces*
" *Progenerant aquilæ columbam.*

It was in the year 1764 in which the celebrated comedian, of whom we are now to speak, first entered this busy life. London was his birth place. Even in his early childhood he had a decided taste for theatrical amusements, and a peculiar quickness and ingenuity in retaining and repeating the dramatic scraps that accidentally fell in his way, which he used to utter for the entertainment of some among the acquaintances of his father.

When the season of the year 1768 concluded in London, Mr. Charles Bannister took his little son to Ipswich, where, at the very early age of four years, he played that character in which children almost always make their first appearance, the character of the *Duke of York*, in Shakspeare's tragedy of *Richard the Third*. It appears that his father was so much pleased with the ability that seemed to dawn in this performance, as to have placed him at a school, where a good education might improve the talents bestowed by nature. Mr. John Bannister has since proved that he really possesses the talents for which he so soon got credit, but we should hardly venture to say that the praiseworthy performance of a child upon the stage is in itself an evidence of strong ability. At an age when voice and limb, as well as mind, are flexible almost to any degree, most children, who labour under no physical defect, seem to be capable of acting extremely well. No terror racks their breasts and distorts their action, for they know no reason why they should be terrified. No aukward rigidity of limb prevents their graceful motion, or at least their easy carriage, for their bones are not set, and their muscles are not indurated. No conceit or folly renders them grossly inaccurate as to general effect or particular emphasis: for they are not above receiving the advice and profiting by the experience of wise people, who will take the trouble of teaching them. Therefore, if Mr. Bannister had not gone upon the stage and proved himself a good actor, we should not have concluded from his good performance in childhood, that he must have been a good actor if he had gone upon the stage.

After he had passed in the pursuit of his scholastic studies, the period which is usually devoted to these matters, by young men who are destined for professional life, he evinced an inclination for the art of painting, and produced several pieces which really proved a talent for the employment of the pencil. Mr. Bannister, who has a most acute observation, and an almost unrivalled facility in seizing and imitating the peculiarities of all persons, would probably have made an excellent painter, as far as imitation goes, however he might have succeeded as to conception. But we should have been losers, if Mr. Bannister had been any thing but what he is. It is related that his father, who was fond of encouraging him, had a habit of giving him a shilling for every new sketch that he produced: and that the roguish boy, knowing that his father was much more an amateur than a connoisseur, would often abridge his own trouble by retouching an old production, and hoax his father out of the usual fee. One night, when the young gentleman wanted some money, he brought a head to his father, who was just going upon the stage. The novice expatiated largely on the merits of this picture, but all the eulogiums which his fancy or his vanity could devise were totally thrown away upon his obdurate papa. Finding that his genius and his eloquence were equally unavailing to produce an offer from Mr. Charles Bannister, the lad at last went so far as to solicit the loan of a dozen pence: upon which the veteran wit rather warmly answered: " Why, damme, you are just like an

" ordinary, come when you will, its a shilling " a head."

A lady, who saw and approved some of the works of young Mr. Bannister, interested herself so far in his favour that she solicited Mr. Garrick to recommend him as a pupil to Mr. Loutherbourg. Mr. Loutherbourg, hearing Mr. Garrick's recommendation, agreed to take Mr. John Bannister as a pupil, on payment of a certain premium: but as Mr. Bannister the elder was not able very conveniently to produce this sum at the time expected, his son was induced to turn his ambiton into another channel, and undertook the imitation of life on the stage rather than on canvass. Nor does it appear that for himself he was much disappointed at the circumstauces which occasioned his father to fail in the agreement with Mr. Loutherbourg: for the love of the stage had taken strong possession of his mind; and in the pursuit of the drama he was warmly encouraged by Mr. Garrick. Mr. Garrick had a high opinion of his talents, and held out to him inducements of a very flattering nature. Proposals so seducing were not resisted, and Mr. Bannister junior, at length made his appearance, which was in the season of 1778, on the boards of the old Drury Lane Theatre, as *Dick*, in *The Apprentice*, for the benefit of the elder Mr. Bannister.

The talents and virtues which were exhibited by our hero were particularly pleasing to Mr. Garrick, who, in his retirement at Hampton, made the young actor a principal object of his care and instruction. The chief inclination of his mind, as well as of the minds of several others of our great comedians, seem to have been originally directed to tragedy. In the summer that succeeded his first appearance, he acted at the Birmingham theatre the characters of *Hamlet*, *Lothario*, in the tragedy of *The Fair Penitent*; *Edgar*, in the tragedy of *King Lear*; *Macduff*, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*; *Simon Pure*, in the comedy of *The Bold Stroke for a Wife*; *Orlando*, in the play of *As you like it*; *Hyppolito*, in the play of *The Tempest* as altered, or rather re-written by Dryden from Shakspeare's original. In some of these parts and in several others of less importance, he gave marks of great talent: and was shortly engaged at Drury Lane.

At Drury Lane he made his first appearance as a regular actor, in the season of 1779, which immediately followed the excursion to Birmingham, of which we have been speaking. The part that he selected was that of *Zaphna*, in the tragedy of *Mahomet*. When the coalition took place between the two theatres, he occasionally acted in tragedy at Covent Garden.

He made his first appearance at the Haymarket theatre in the year 1780, as *Gradus*, in the farce of *Who's the Dupe?* and happening in the course of the following season at Drury Lane to act *Dabble*, in the *Humourist*, his success was so striking, that he resolved to abandon his tragic career, and direct his attention exclusively to comedy and farce.

He became attached to Miss Harpur, of Covent Garden theatre, an actress whose musical talents were much esteemed: and was married to her in the year 1791. She has probably been of some service to him in the cultivation of his vocal powers. In Mr. Cobb's comic opera of *The Strangers at Home*, Mr. Bannister made his first attempt at singing: and though he is said to have been much alarmed, his drunken song was exceedingly well delivered. The public received it with the highest approbation, and since that time he has been in the constant habit of singing on the stage a certain style of comic songs, many of which have become popular, at least as much from his skill in singing them, as from any merit of their own. The disproportion of the author's talents to those of the actor, is by no means confined in our day to comic songs.

Mr. Bannister has continued uninterruptedly at Drury Lane during his winter campaigns: in the summer he has sometimes accepted engagements at the different country theatres, sometimes acted at the Haymarket, and sometimes travelled about the country as a lecturer, with a budget of whimsical songs, stories, and other amusing matter. This theatrical budget, however, is an invention of late date.

When Mr. Kemble seceded from the management of Drury Lane, Mr. Bannister undertook that laborious office; and entered on his employment in the season of 1802-3. In the year 1804 he resigned it to Mr. Wroughton. His residence is in Gower-street, Bedford-square: and his establishment is prudent as well as liberal. He has a large family: and his two eldest daughters have married gentlemen of good fortunes. He has always borne an excellent character as a kind husband and an affectionate father. Few men are more esteemed or courted in private life: for though Mr. Bannister has powers of entertainment, particularly mimetic powers, which must enable him to become conspicuous in every company, yet he has so much modesty and good sense as totally to avoid the obtrusive impertinence of most exhibitors, who thrust their performances, *willy-nilly*, down the

throats, or perhaps to speak more correctly into the ears of their companions. He never exhibits unsolicited: and he has the happy art of feeling equally how far he may go without changing the admiration of the company into weariness.

He is much afflicted with gout, which not unfrequently withdraws him for a month at a time from his professional duties. On these occasions he has always the consolation of anticipating a burst of universal applause: the tribute which the audience are always eager to bestow on returning favourites. About a twelvemonth ago an accident still more serious withheld him for a while from the stage. Having borrowed of Mr. Wroughton the gun of his late friend, Mr. King, the comedian, he securely shot with it several times; when suddenly it burst and tore his left hand almost to pieces: the upper joint of one of his fingers was in consequence amputated, and his recovery was exceedingly slow. Shortly after this accident, when some of his friends were drawing comparisons between him and the great comedians who existed only in memory, Mr. Bannister gaily put forth his shattered hand, and cried: "At any "rate it is plain I'm no *Shuter*."

The frontispiece of this article represents him as *Echo*, in Mr. Kenney's successful comedy of "*The World!*" His performance in this play is not excelled by any effort, (either of his own, or any other actor,) that we ever remember to have seen. The character is that of a young man naturally well disposed, of talents not very bright, and manners not very highly accomplished, who, on his arrival in London, is beset by a great number of ridiculous events and silly acquaintances. Those whom he sees, he is eager to imitate: and the careless lounge of one, the vulgar affrontery of another, and the superiority of conscious genius that appears in a third, are successively assumed by the plastic *Echo*. It is from this propensity that the character derives its name. But amid these absurdities the warm feelings of a good heart perpetually break forth and thaw the icy coldness of fashionable affectation. A mixture of remorse for past follies, and of sorrow at the prospect of future evils, of affection for an interesting girl deserted, of ambition for the hand of a fashionable widow, of common sense and absolute absurdity, of candour and of pride, makes this character uncommonly forcible and natural, and yet renders the performance of it so exceedingly difficult, that no actor of inferior talents could have attempted it with any degree of safety to the play. The sentiments, however distinct in themselves, must be made to blend, as the colours of the rainbow, though various and decided, yet glide into one another with an imperceptable gradation. The two scenes in which Mr. Bannister's merit is most conspicuous, are the scene in which *Echo* affects to be the author of the manuscripts that he carries about him, and puts on all the consequential indifference which so superlatively proves solicitude: and the scene in which, after intoxicating himself among his jolly companions, he reflects, with all that melting sentiment which is natural to drunkenness, on the errors of his own heart, produced by the follies of his own head. A man moralizing while he staggers, is a personage perpetually seen in real life, but perfectly new to the stage, and therefore perhaps a dangerous character for the author and the actor. But Mr. Banister played it so well, that it has materially promoted the reputation of the play, and, if possible, increased his former fame in such characters. The secret of his success is his feeling. An actor, however strong his feeling may naturally be, will hardly feel strongly when there is nothing in the play to excite his feeling: but where the play has such matter as may move his soul, the power of the illusion becomes too forcible to be resisted: and it may generally be taken as an axiom, that where the actor feels strongly, and has no personal peculiarities that destroy his effects, the audience will feel strongly too. There are some parts of which the feeling is so unmixed and evident, that any actor may express the passion: but a character such as *Echo* requires a mixed feeling of the comic and of the serious, which is by far too nice for the expressive faculties of an ordinary actor. Without the feeling, the words would have been ridiculous: but the feeling superadded, makes them intelligible to every heart: just as the scrolls that the ancients employed, appeared to be only a confused assemblage of words and letters, till the wand was applied, by which the folds were ascertained, and in a moment each sentence became clear.

We have now to speak of the general merits of Mr. Bannister's acting. We shall say nothing of his tragedy, because he has now completely abandoned that branch of the drama, and wisely entered on the department in which nature has calculated him to shine. It is curious to reflect, that there was a time in which tragedy was at so low an ebb, that Mr. Bannister and Mr. Lewis, were the *Zaphnas* and the *Douglasses* of the day. But let us treat of Mr. Bannister's comic talents.

Mr. Bannister is decidedly an actor of great comic genius. When we use the word genius in speaking of comedy, we mean not that sublime power of mind which is implied by this expression in its proper sense: we intend it merely in its current interpretation, as the faculty of producing strong effects in an original way. He who produces but faint effects, may be a correct, but cannot be a great actor: he may acquire the reputation of judgment, but he must not hope for the glory of genius. He who produces strong effects without producing them in an original way, is not a great actor, though his effects are great: for the essence of genius is creation, and a copyist can never be said to have created. But when we assert that both strength and originality are necessary: when we argue that strength without originality, is as little valuable as originality without strength, we do not mean to urge the necessity of an eccentric deviation from all established customs, or of a contempt for the principles already discovered and declared. An actor, like every other artist, should employ himself in studying minutely the effects that have been produced by the artists who have gone before him: he should enquire into the principles by which those effects became effective: he should profit by the experience of every predecessor, whether it be experience communicated to the novice in rules, or left to be gathered from observation. Let no actor believe that to discard the systems which the combined experience of past years has produced, is to become an original genius: he who wanders over hedge and ditch, instead of following the directions of his map, may excite the gaze of idle spectators, but will be little likely to arrive at the proposed end of his journey. Every traveller should remember, that he may become a servile follower of those who have gone before him, if he tread precisely in the foot-marks they have left; but that he never will be blamed for following the directions of the finger-post.

The great study of an actor should be to catch all the excellences of good models, and combining them in himself, to make one new whole, by the union of many old parts. This union will be sure to give the effect of originality: and that originality will be the most admired, which is found to unite the greatest number of merits, whether those merits be all selected from nature, or partly from the works of former artists. The word creation, in the sense in which we use it when we are speaking of the works of man, is in fact nothing more than combination: the Divine power alone can create existence out of nothing: human power has attained its highest excellence when it has combined the elements that already exist. This power of combination, when it produces new effects from a due co-operation of old causes, is commonly called creation, or genius. Thus the greatest artists have produced their greatest works: the *beau idéal* the standard of beauty, has not been sought by them in the vague rambles of their own imaginations; it has been traced through the paths where other men of genius have led: from every wreath the most perfect flowers have been culled, and the chaplet composed of these selected sweets, though it partook of all, resembled none, and and was beautiful and original at once.

The painter indeed selects from all nature those beauties which go toward the construction of a perfect form, and the actor does not select from all nature those excellences which go toward the construction of a perfect character. But the fact is, that the great object of a painter is not so much to get one perfect form, as to get a perfect style of painting all forms: which he may acquire from nature, and not merely from a study of preceding masters. Therefore the painter studies nature with a view to the combination of her beauties, with as much advantage as he studies preceding masters, with a view to the combination of theirs. But the actor, having no right to bring together the excellences of nature in any character, has no way of acquiring a good style, except by combining what is good in former actors. To combine the characteristics that produce the finest effects, is the work of the poet: to combine the best qualities for the representation of those characteristics is the work of the actor. They are to be gained only by diligent observation of those who possess them.

Mr. Bannister, if we may believe the accounts that we hear, studied his effects from that great master, Mr. Garrick. But we do not think that Mr. Bannister possesses all the science of those effects. We do not think that he knows with any degree of certainty what impression he will make in any particular part; he knows that it is possible to make certain effects, in certain well-understood comic situations; and in situations that are new, a natural feeling and humour of his own, very frequently dictates to him the right course, without the advantage of any previous experience. But we do not apprehend that Mr. Bannister possesses, like Mr. Munden, a digested and regular principle, constant in its utility, and unerring in its application, a principle which, whenever the

mind refers to it, can guide the genius in the right course, without the remotest danger of error. What native feeling and humour has inspired, and what long experience has taught, Mr. Bannister certainly possesses: but the strongest argument which we can adduce in favour of our presumption, that he is deficient in science is, that he very often acts so flatly as to be really disagreeable: an accident which never can befal an actor who has his faculties completely at command, and who winding his genius exactly to the proper pitch, can pin it there by his thorough management of his art.

Mr. Bannister is certainly, upon this hypothesis, an example of the vast powers of native genius. We are delighted in hailing his successes, but we cannot shut our eyes to what we conceive the cause of his failures.

Those dramatic expressions in which he principally succeeds, appear to be the expressions of honest roughness, ridiculous distress, conceit, and mixed pathos. His powers for delineating honest roughness have made him almost single in the performance of such characters as *Ben*, in *Love for Love*, and indeed of almost all the sea characters upon the stage, who for the most part have few diagnostics beyond those of honesty and roughness. He is almost always excellent in the expression of *ridiculous distress*: but we beg our readers to observe that we do not say, in the expression of *ludicrous uneasiness*: for that would be to ascribe to Mr. Bannister a capability of performing almost any busy part in the whole range of comedy. *Don Felix*, in *The Wonder*, and *Mr. Oakley*, in *The Jealous Wife*, and a thousand other such characters that we could name, are characters of ludicrous uneasiness, and Mr. Bannister could not act those: *Marplot*, in *The Busy Body*, is a character abounding with ridiculous distress, and all that ridiculous distress Mr. Bannister admirably represents. Mr. Bannister excels too in the expression of conceit: but he does not excel so much in the expression of the habitual conceit of a confirmed fop, as in the expression of that satisfied reposing kind of conceit, which may exist in a man not generally conceited, and which, when it does exist in a man rarely conceited, is usually more diverting from this very circumstance of its rarity. Such is the conceit of *Echo*, when he utters the words that accompany our engraving.

But his greatest excellence lies in his mixed pathos. Where a smile and a tear are to be mingled on the countenance of the performer, and at once, or in speedy alternation, excited in the spectators too, no actor of the present day equals Mr. Bannister, and probably no actor of any succeeding period will ever surpass him. His *Walter*, in *The Children in the Wood*, his *Michael*, in *The Adopted Child*, and many more of his favourite characters, are complete examples of this kind of merit. The drunken scene, of which we have just analysed, that is the scene after dinner, in which *Davenant*, *Dauntless*, *Lotter*, and *Echo* are the principal interlocutors, is also a remarkable instance of Mr. Bannister's powers in this particular. For a man who is under the necessity of being droll, it is almost always difficult to avoid coarseness: what shall we say then in praise of him who could abstain from coarseness, even in a state of intoxication? Yet this is undoubtedly the praise of Mr. Bannister.

There is yet another quality of his genius, which we had almost forgotten to mention. It is not indeed a great comic power, but to his great comic powers it is a useful assistant. We mean his skill in mimicry.

He is a little apt to attempt two departments of comedy, which are certainly not within his compass: the mock heroic, and the elegant. To succeed in the mock heroic, an actor should have a face naturally droll, which might form a contrast with the sounding words and serious manner of this species of comedy: but Mr. Bannister's face is naturally handsome, and his eyes dark and expressive: so that when he speaks the language of tragedy even in farce, he always has the air of being quite in earnest. For elegant comedy his manner and his figure alike incapacitate him.

This age seems to be prolific in comic geniusses: and among them Mr. Bannister certainly stands in the first rank. His natural whim surprises, and his constant good humour must always conciliate.